



*Francis Joseph I.
Emperor of Austria.*

REVELATIONS

OF

HUNGARY;

OR,

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER WHO
SERVED DURING THE

LATE CAMPAIGN IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY

THE BARON ✓ PROCHAZKA.

WITH A MEMOIR OF KOSSUTH.

LONDON:

WILLIAM SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,
20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1851.

LONDON :
MYERS AND CO., PRINTERS, 37, KING STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

31

DB935
P96

02-17995

P R E F A C E.

THE following pages are (with the exception of Kossuth's Memoirs) chiefly extracts from a diary kept by the author during the late Hungarian Campaign, throughout which, as an officer in the Austrian Army, he took an active part. This diary, as it may be readily inferred, was written in German, but without any view to publication. 64

The permission to translate this little work from the inedited original just referred to, was therefore conceded to me with some reluctance on the part of the writer, who feared that his narrative might not be considered to possess sufficient importance to entitle it to be placed before the public eye.

The interest which recent events in Hungary have, however, awakened, not only in England but in every part of the civilized world, has encouraged me (the translator) to put forth this volume of facts, the more particularly since, up to the present moment,

scarcely any publication (with the exception of a little work, entitled "Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary") has issued from the press on the side of loyalty. Thus, an impenetrable veil may still be said to hang over the *causes* to which the late sanguinary contest in Hungary may be traced.

It is to be hoped, however, that time will reveal the truth, and prove the utter falsity of the dark charges which have been preferred against the Austrian Army, and which might have tended to tarnish its imperishable lustre and honour, if the source from which they emanated were not defiled. Such statements consequently deserve to be treated rather with dignified contempt than to be honoured by a notice which would be conferring too great a distinction on the calumniators in question.

If I have been tempted to add to the diary a short biographical sketch of Kossuth—"the idol of the hour"—it is not that I, like his worshippers, deem him worthy of mention, or so important a personage as democrats

make him, but simply because I could not resist availing myself of the opportunity offered, to lay before the British public a few facts and particulars which may, in all probability, *have escaped the memory* of those who write in his defence.

Under these circumstances, my narrative must naturally *vary a little* from the accounts given by Kossuth's enthusiastic admirers; and, although I am fully aware that my statements may be received in a very different manner from those put forth by the "advocates of rebellion;" and am, therefore, quite prepared to be severely censured by partizans of the Kossuth faction, I have, nevertheless, thrown down the gauntlet, and shall consider myself amply rewarded, if I succeed in shedding one ray of light upon a subject over which so much darkness and mystery have hitherto prevailed.

But though this volume may not be well received by those who have favoured the cause of the Hungarian rebels, I have been taught to believe from my youth upwards,

that in England *alone*, men may speak their minds with impunity; and that the love of justice and fair play, for which the English are proverbial, will induce them, after all they have heard and read in defamation of the Austrian character, to hear the other side of the question. “Audi alteram partem” is indeed a maxim, without which no just and true judgment of any matter can be arrived at. I take it for granted, that a loyal Austrian may not only be permitted to express his opinion as well as a rebel, but may also be allowed to place a *little truth* in pleasing relief, beside the *many fictions* with which the British public have been, from time to time, so indiscriminately supplied, and thereby imposed upon.

I claim the indulgence of my readers, if, as an enthusiast in the cause of loyalty and patriotism, I have attached too great an importance to the following “Revelations” relative to the late civil war in Hungary.

L. H. P.

London, November 3rd, 1850.

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* * F. M. L., in the course of this volume, signifies
Field-Marshal-Lieutenant, and F. Z. M., Fieldzensmeister,
or Master of the Ordnance.

THE CAMPAIGN IN HUNGARY.

CHAPTER I.

Cracow as a Garrison—Anxiety of the Troops in general to take an active part in the Italian Campaign—Enthusiasm of the Regiment, on receiving orders to join the Army in Hungary—My disappointment—Outbreak of a Revolution in the Mining Districts.

THE years 1848 and 1849 are an epoch of such importance in the history of Austria, and more particularly in the annals of the Austrian Army, that it will seem quite natural if we officers found it difficult to await the moment which would call us from the monotony of a garrison life to the scene of war, in order that each might share the laurels of a loyal and devoted army, and shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the monarchy, shaken to its very foundation by the intrigues of a democratic faction.

My regiment (Bohemian infantry) happened to be one of those which was sent from Bohemia to Poland, in the year 1846; since which time, Cracow had been our sole quarters, to our great disappointment. It has ever been the lot of Galicia, but more especially of late years, to be universally dreaded by the army as their quarters, and many would prefer being stationed in a Bohemian village, rather than in a Gallician city. This aversion to a country which boasts of magnificent scenery, and is highly favoured by nature in many respects, may be attributed to the want of society, and an absence of cleanliness and comfort, which was perhaps less felt in Cracow itself, the abode of some of the most ancient Polish families, and which still bears traces of its past grandeur.

The historical interest which the former residence of Poland's kings will ever possess, and the splendid scenery around, render it one of the most agreeable quarters, which may yet become the best in Galicia; not even excepting Lemberg, provided that the social comforts increase. But, at the period of my being quartered there, we were thrown completely on our own resources, and the gap existing in society previously to 1846,

almost throughout Poland, was not likely to be improved by the ill-concealed animosity of the inhabitants towards us—who forgot that Cracow with its territory, might be a free-state still, but for their own folly. It would appear incredible, if I were to give an account of the eccentric, ludicrous, and sometimes unrefined demonstrations of hatred, which even some of the fair sex evinced towards us on our occasional meetings. Amused at first, we soon became indifferent; and, when the inhabitants of Cracow saw that neither France nor England meant to do more than to express a polite regret at their deserved misfortunes, and that the armies, which the meetings, speeches, and debates held in England and France, seemed to promise, dwindled down to a mere warfare of words, their hatred assumed a milder form—the promenades were more frequented,—our splendid military bands were listened to with evident delight—the ladies' tongues were restrained within proper boundaries, and the casual glances of anger bestowed on us by mothers, whose pretty daughters did not think the Austrian officers such savages as they had been represented to them, alone reminded us that we were unwelcome intruders.

Fascinating as Polish women generally are, we yet kept aloof from them, with very few exceptions, for all amicable relations between the military and the Polish gentry were interrupted by the unfortunate rebellion of 1846; and we knew that, notwithstanding the sweet smiles lavished on us, hatred yet dwelt in their hearts; whilst we could hardly be expected to indulge in an excess of good feeling towards the gentry of Gallicia, who, in many parts, had looked forward with peculiar delight to the pleasure of hanging or stabbing us in the midst of a Mazurka.

The garrison of Cracow being quite strong enough to make us independent of their society, we established a *casino* exclusively for ourselves; and, with the exception of the young unmarried officers, who felt the dearth of ladies extremely on the occasion of a dance, we became accustomed to our garrison, which was converted into a military colony, patiently awaiting the day which would bring us the route to a more friendly part of the Austrian dominions, when the democratic spirit, so openly manifesting itself throughout Europe, threatened to disturb our peaceful life.

Those persons must have been blind, who did

not see that for years past, democracy was undermining the quietude of Europe. The torch of rebellion, ignited in France, was spreading with the rapidity of lightning, and threatened to consume Europe. Austria's ruin, in particular, was universally predicted. Every other sovereign, it was said, had a chance, except the Emperor of Austria, whose empire was compared to a piece of Mosaic, which must crumble to pieces in the hands of the demagogues. We listened with disdain to such assertions, for if we dwelt on the possibility of a general rising, in remembering the different nationalities that compose Austria, it was but for a moment. Austria's downfall can never be accomplished while her army stands; but, when the short-lived rebellion in Vienna was followed immediately by that of Lombardy, we felt that the hour of trial had indeed struck for Austria, which had been prophesied by so many, for the liberal constitution granted, extending equal privileges to all the different states of Austria, was far from satisfying the malcontents.

Democratic emissaries of all nations were busily employed in almost every town of the

empire, exciting that class of abandoned, desperate men with which great cities more or less abound, to revolt. The people, excited to delirium by concessions they had obtained, thirsted for still further indulgences. It soon became obvious that the blood shed in the streets of Vienna and Milan was only the commencement of difficulties; and so it proved, for the perfidious Charles Albert invaded the plains of Lombardy to gratify his ambition, and to please the Republicans, in whose hands he was a mere puppet.

It was generally presumed that the war in Italy would not be of any duration, because the invasion of Charles Albert was an aggression so flagrantly unjust, that it demanded the censure of England and France, the more so, since, if Austria had invaded Piedmont, it would have been considered a *casus belli* by the Allied Powers. We were, therefore, quite unprepared to find that the King of Sardinia's treachery towards Austria was not only tolerated but favoured by those who would have been the first to load us with execrations if we had been the aggressive party.

It was a trying moment to be compelled to remain in Poland, whilst our comrades were

fighting in Italy for the just cause. It was mortifying to be deprived of the honour of serving under General Radetzky, the idol of our army, and of the hope of crushing in the dust the pride of the unfortunate Prince, whose black ingratitude and glaring dishonesty towards Austria excited our indignation to the highest degree, and had duty and honour not bade us bide our time, we had deserted, *en masse*, to Radetzky's banner.

Where is the soldier who does not look forward with almost intoxicating delight to the prospect of a war which may give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and, at the same time, of serving his country effectually, which in peace he does only nominally; of drawing with his feeble arm the sword that is to uphold and to defend the rights of his sovereign, and which, with its blood-stained point, traces the triumph or defeat of a nation in history? The soldier may have ties sweet and sacred; but, in the moment when the bugle of war sounds, those ties, however sweet they may be, are rent asunder by the importance and sacredness of the duty which calls him perhaps to death. Yet no sadness mingles in parting from those that are dear to us, albeit a feeling

steals over us, that we may be destined never to see those more whom we then press to the heart, beating with anxiety to be at the theatre of war.

From the moment that Austria's difficulties commenced, there was a change in our monotonous course of life. The frivolous pursuits by which we had whiled away many a tedious hour ceased to possess any charm for us. Our superior officers and generals met us with the gravity called forth by stirring events ; whilst our young officers, wild with joy, spoke of joining the army in Italy as volunteers ; all was excitement and expectation, as to what news the next day's post might bring. The boudoir and the domestic hearth alike lost their attractions for those who could contemplate nought else than the difficulties and perils by which their comrades were surrounded in Italy.

The insulting joy testified by the inhabitants at the outbreak of the war, their exultation at Sardinia's triumphs, and our defeats, did not escape our notice. We knew what we had to expect ; and, as each post prepared us for still greater events, we were on the *qui vive*. A suspicion flashed across the minds of many with re-

gard to the army's remaining loyal, for all those unacquainted with the spirit of the troops, thought that, owing to the different nationalities which compose the Austrian army, it might not prove unlikely that each nation would hold with the rebels of their respective countries. There never was a more erroneous supposition; and those who built their hopes on our disloyalty, had built on sand. We were as one man, one mind, and one soul, from the general to the private, from the prince to the commoner, and when we could no longer conceal from ourselves that the safety of the throne, and the welfare of our country were at stake, we swore to protect the rights of our sovereign, and to save our country, or fall under its ruins.

When 500,000 men are ready to shed the last drop of their blood for their sovereign; when they enter the field with such indescribable enthusiasm, such unequalled spirit and devotion, as those evinced by the Austrian army in 1848 and 1849, the downfall of a monarchy cannot easily be accomplished.

In defending the throne and the integrity of the empire with our heart's blood, we only ful-

filled our duty : and although death to the dishonoured soldier who deserts his colours, was our *motto*, at the same time it must be acknowledged, that steadfast loyalty and deep devotion to the sovereign could alone inspire us with that death-defying courage which caused the private, like the officers, to rush on with the cry of “ God save the Emperor, or let us perish.” If our gracious sovereign had perjured himself, or were a despotic tyrant ; if, in fact, his Majesty had been all that upstart adventurers and arrant traitors proclaimed him to be, the army could no longer honour, nor the peasantry stand up for, their Emperor.

Base calumnies may yet be published with regard to recent events in Austria, by those who have perjured themselves. But there are facts, which history will record long after we, as well as the calumniators of Austria, have ceased to exist, which will justify our country and our sovereign, and cast back upon the slanderers the vile imputations they have brought against us, and the crimes with which they would fain have charged us. The attachment of the rural population throughout the Austrian empire during her trials,

and the unequalled devotion of the army (with but few exceptions) prove how unfounded is the accusation of tyranny and despotism which has been preferred against Austria by her enemies.

I shall pass over the uninteresting period during which we were in a constant state of excitement, for every day brought us news of the birth of a new insurrection, the offspring of the French Revolution, and inheriting the worst features of its prototype. But the revolution in Prague, like that of Vienna and Cracow, had been successfully suppressed. Even Charles Albert of Sardinia had received his due at our hands, when suddenly the revolution of Hungary rekindled our excitement, where the enemy had concentrated his forces, for Poles, Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen made that unfortunate country the plotting-ground for their mad schemes. If we had looked forward with delight to join the army engaged in the Italian war, we viewed the civil war impending on Hungary, with very different feelings.

The former called us to fight against strangers, and to chastise Charles Albert for his treacherous invasion—the latter, to carry destruction into a

country we loved, and to fight against those whom we had been accustomed to look on as brothers. It was therefore natural, that at first a feeling of sadness stole over us at the contemplation of an internal war, from which we recoiled with horror, in remembering how many sacred ties would be rent asunder, how many brave comrades pierced by a brother's arm, how many noble feelings would be crushed, and how many evil passions conjured up, ere the patriot could deluge his country with blood, or the loyal become traitors.

We therefore watched the struggle with anxiety, for it was not our lot to be among the first body of troops whose loyalty was put to the test, but when the bulletins of war, official statements, and private letters, apprized us of Kossuth's proceedings, our inmost souls were filled with indignation towards one who had brought so much misery and wretchedness over his native land, and we hailed the order to join the army in Hungary with unfeigned delight. Private considerations were cast into oblivion by the enthusiastic desire of standing by our injured sovereign, and offering him our heart's best blood to save Hungary, and to free her from the fetters a democratic faction had attempted to rivet upon her.

It would be impossible to describe the universal enthusiasm of our regiment, when we received orders, on the 15th of April, to march to the Hungarian frontier, and to join the brigade under the command of the gallant General Benedek, who had distinguished himself so signally in Galicia and Italy.

A soldier only can understand the pleasure and alacrity with which the preparations for the campaign, including the purchase of horses, saddles, and other indispensable necessities, are made. A thousand things are then bought that we deem most requisite, quite forgetting how very seldom it is granted to a soldier to think of comfort in the turbulent life of war, and how rarely circumstances permit us to avail ourselves of the things stowed away with so much care in our portmanteaux, where we find them to our great astonishment, on our return to a peaceful home, without even having touched or thought of them:

The excitement of our departure caused the days to fleet past like hours, when, on the 10th, I received the unexpected order to precede the regiment by four days, and start on the 11th, for the purpose of regulating quarters for the brigade

as far as the frontier. The twenty-four hours' notice sufficed, and I congratulated myself on being ready to set out at break of day, when a brother-officer entered my room saying : " I have news for you—the Poles have got up a rebellion, in the territory (of Cracow). They stormed the commissariat, with the view of liberating the recruits that were already enlisted for the army, attacked and shot the militia placed there to guard them ; in fact, everything is topsy-turvy—so much so, that the garrison here is confined to barracks." I stood aghast, whilst my friend B—— threw himself into a chair.

" It is only a fracas, depend upon it," I stammered, " the *gens d'armes* will put it down."

" Not at all, you are quite mistaken," replied B——; " this rebellion, insignificant as it appears, has its ramifications further than you think ; indeed it is suspected to be in connection with the Hungarian insurrection. Field-Marshal Baron Lege-ditsch has received an official announcement to that effect."

I tried in vain to calm myself—I was gradually getting into a rage with the Poles, my friend, and everybody else. " Then," I exclaimed, " our

march to Hungary is again frustrated." At this moment, a sergeant entered with an order from General Legeditsch, that he required my attendance immediately.

I buckled on my sword, and, placing my cigar case before my friend, followed the sergeant. I hurried through the streets with an agitated step, scarcely heeding the groups that were conversing here and there. An incomprehensible something told me I should hear nothing agreeable at the General's. At length, we reached the Stradom,* where our Commander-in-Chief resided, and, bounding up the long flight of stone steps, I barely gave myself time to return the sentry's salute.

The General received me gravely. All my friend had said was perfectly true. An *estafette* had reached him requesting immediate reinforcements of troops, wherefore he had decided on sending a company of my division at daybreak to Chrzanow, and I was the unfortunate individual selected to command this detachment. I must confess that, having set my heart on marching

* The widest street in Cracow.

with the regiment to Hungary, I did not appreciate the honour which this command conferred upon me ; it was ungrateful, I admit, but excusable under the circumstances. I had so longed to get away from Poland, and was so delighted at the prospect of going to Hungary ; and, now that my wishes were on the point of being fulfilled, a street squabble brought all my ambitious plans to nought on the very eve of my departure.

My friend, who awaited me at home, quietly smoking a cigar, was assuredly not prepared for the news which I was about to bring him, and I really was not sorry to turn the tables, and become the bearer of bad news to him, who had seemed so very certain that this rebellion would in no way affect him.

When I entered the room, his first words were, " Well, what news ? "

" That a division* of our regiment remains in Cracow, one company of which starts for Chrzanow by a special train at daybreak."

" And the regiment ? "

* Three divisions form a battalion, two companies a division, 210 men constitute a company, the senior captain commands the division.

"Marches to Hungary," was my laconic reply.

"Which division goes?"

"Mine," I answered.

Having indulged in a malediction on the Poles, he hurried off to the barracks, whilst I set out to order the special train.

It was no joke to rouse up the people at that late hour, it being already past midnight. Nevertheless, I succeeded in awaking the lieutenant of the *gens d'armes*, and in obtaining from him the necessary information as to who the different parties were that I must apply to. After some considerable difficulty, I made the requisite arrangements for my departure on the following morning, and repaired once more to Baron Ledetsch, to receive my final instructions, having done which I sought a few hours' rest, but in vain. The equanimity of my temper had suffered too severely, and notwithstanding the general's promise that I should join my regiment as soon as I succeeded in restoring order in the territory, I could not console myself at the *mauvais tour* fate had played me, for the task was not at all to my taste, being pretty sure that this band of scythemen would give me infinitely more trouble than if I

had disciplined troops to deal with. The cheering prospect of beating the woods and bushes, in quest of these rioters, whilst my comrades marched in an opposite direction, where they would meet with an enemy worth defeating, was not likely to allow Morpheus to close my eyes in happy oblivion.

I therefore rose at three o'clock, and, at four, started with my company, it having been deemed expedient to leave the second company, commanded by Captain B——, at Cracow, to strengthen the garrison, which had been considerably weakened; for, besides our regiment, a battalion of Parma Infantry, the artillery and the cavalry regiment, Archduke Charles' Chevaux-Legers, had received orders to march to Hungary.

Having availed myself of the railroad as far as Trzebinia, I marched on foot to Chrzanow, where the commissary of the district informed me that from about 100 to 150 well armed men, led on by Strzemetzki and Bachalla, who made every effort to enlist the peasantry, had taken up a position in the forest, and refused to surrender. Their intentions were to way-lay the small military detachments, in order to possess themselves of their arms, and to march against Cracow with a

view of overpowering the garrison there, that they might then join the insurgents, who were every day expected to arrive from Hungary with a force in aid of the Polish struggle to shake off the dominion of Austria.

In the meantime, I received intelligence from Tavorzno, a village about seven English miles from Chrzanow, which had long been under surveillance, owing to the notoriously bad spirit existing amongst the labourers of the well known coal mines, to the effect that the people employed there had ceased to work : and, having provided themselves with arms of all descriptions, were hastening to the assistance of the insurgents in Chrzanow. Here was a sufficient proof that this little rebellion, insignificant in the commencement, and apparently only the result of the momentary excitement caused by the first introduction of the recruiting system in the territory of Cracow, was a premeditated political rising, in close connection with the Hungarian insurrection. It was therefore necessary that energetic and rapid measures should be adopted, in order to crush the revolutionary movement in its birth.

From the moment that I became acquainted

with the true state of things, the disappointment of not marching to Hungary was forgotten, since my task was far more important than was generally believed.

Deeming it prudent to assure myself of the truth of the reports made to me, previously to commencing my operations, I determined to repair to Chrzanow with the view of ascertaining the strength of my enemy, and the whereabouts of the ringleaders, whose persons I was naturally desirous to get possession of with the least possible delay.

I therefore divided my company into two detachments, and, leaving one in Chrzanow, under the command of an able officer, set out with the other for Tavorzno.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Tavorzno—Arrest of two Ringleaders—Attempt to liberate them on the part of the Insurgents—Death of a gens d'arme—A Polish Jew—The Jew's objection to convey the dead body of the gens d'arme to Tavorzno—Disloyalty of the Civil Authorities—My application for a Reinforcement of Troops—Attack on a Public-house—Skirmish at Guazalla—Address to the Authorities—Last Measures—Return to Cracow—An interview with two Ladies.

UPON my arrival at Tavorzno I found everything in the greatest confusion, and the excitement, which was momentarily on the increase, became such that the officers employed in the mines, for the most part Germans, ran a chance of being murdered in broad day-light.

Seeing that there was not a moment to lose, I issued an order to arrest a few of the ringleaders, whom I immediately sent under an escort of six men and a gens d'arme to Chrzanow.

Towards evening, I was disagreeably surprised by the announcement that the escort had been attacked on their way home by about 130 armed insurgents, and the gens d'arme shot, who having made himself obnoxious by the zealous performance of his duty, became the first victim.

My soldiers seeing that the force opposed to them left them no other alternative than to escape, sprang on the carts which had conveyed the prisoners; and, having fired a few shots at those within reach, spurred their horses on, and succeeded in evading their pursuers. From the corporal's report, I surmised that the insurgents might yet be overtaken and prevented from reaching Chrzanow. I therefore ordered my men out, and went in pursuit of the lawless band, but though I spent the greater part of the night in beating about the wood from whence the attack had been made, I was unsuccessful, and only fell in with a few armed stragglers, one of whom was shot, the group refusing to halt when challenged.

A comical scene occurred, when the employés of the mines, hearing of the projected expedition, for which I required all the troops that could be spared, came to me in a body, begging to be per-

mitted to accompany me, as they considered themselves exposed to the greatest danger, and felt certain that, on the insurgents being informed of my departure, they would enter the town and murder them.

I endeavoured to assure them that their fears were ungrounded, but in vain. I was eventually compelled to give my sanction that these gentlemen should accompany me. Half an hour after the travesty, Bayards arrived, armed *cap-à-pie*, requesting the honour to form the *arrière garde*, and I do not believe that any inducement could have brought them *à la tête*.

When my troops at length fired upon the few insurgents we met with, my *arrière garde* thought proper to retire further still, lest they should find that death here which they sought to escape by leaving Tavorzno. The first to return home, they took care to boast of their heroic deeds, and are to this day proud of being able to say that they heard the balls whizz past them. On our way back, we found the body of the poor gens d'arme whom they had left in the middle of the road, after having robbed him of every article of dress.

By a very singular chance, a Jew came up with a cart at the same moment that I was about to give directions as to the mode of conveying the body to Tavorzno, where I determined it should be buried.

Alarmed at the unexpected meeting, the Jew was about to turn his horse's head, when I called upon him to halt. Taking off his greasy skull-cap, he approached me with the cringing manner peculiar to Polish Jews.

"Your cart is empty, I see; at all events, whether it is or not, you must take the corpse of the gens d'arme to Tavorzno."

An expression of horror and of extreme fear was depicted on the Jew's countenance as he began to expostulate on the impossibility of his complying with my order, since it must taint the barrel of brandy which he was conveying to Chrzanow, and which would be left on his hands if it was discovered that it had travelled in company with a dead body.

I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the strange figure of the Jew before me, who was now clasping his hands in despair, then playing with his long beard. Knowing the Jewish population to

be anything but loyal, I cut the matter short by ordering the barrel of brandy to be put on the road, where I told him he might watch it till the cart returned. This order had the desired effect, for the Jew said that, as the barrel was closed, it would not so much signify; and the body of the unfortunate gens d'arme was placed on the cart without any further objection on the part of its owner, whose lamentations were truly amusing.

The next morning, I put the most stringent measures, which the urgency of the case demanded, into force; and, having displaced the civil authorities, who, being Poles, were discovered to favour the movement, I succeeded in checking the progress of the organized rebellion, without having been able to strike a decisive blow at its existence, because the military force at my command was insufficient to attempt an attack on the different parts where the torch of sedition had been ignited. It could scarcely be expected that an infantry company, consisting of about 140 men only, could be brought to operate with success on a space of sixteen geographical square miles. I therefore at once made a report to head-quarters, in Cracow, relative to the state of affairs, and

represented the urgent necessity of an immediate reinforcement. My demand was complied with, and a few days later I had the command of three hundred and fifty infantry, thirty picked men of cavalry, and a division of artillery.

Being then in a position to insist by force of arms on the punctual execution of my orders, I addressed a circular to such of the commissaries of districts as could be depended on; calling upon them to do their utmost towards the restoration of peace, and enjoining them to prevent any assistance being given to the insurgents, by all means in their power; and finally, made them responsible for the extradition of suspicious individuals. It was next desirable to ascertain the stations of the guerilla bands, who seemed to be ubiquitous.

Not wishing to harass my troops unnecessarily, I sent spies in all directions, who soon brought me the information that about one hundred and eighty insurgents were in the habit of meeting every night in a public-house called Oblaski, and disturbing the neighbourhood.

On being made acquainted with all the particulars, I repaired to Chrzanow, the centre of my operations, where my small force had concentrated,

to give the necessary order for an attack that night; and, on the 18th, about half-past one o'clock in the morning, my little army moved quietly out of the town, and took the direction of Onaczalla.

On reaching the public-house called Oblaski, I made a halt, divided my men for the purpose of surrounding the building and outhouses, ordering them to attack on a given signal, simultaneously. But I only succeeded in capturing a small number of individuals belonging to the band, from whom I ascertained that their comrades and ringleaders had remained carousing in the public-house till midnight, when they retired to an adjacent wood of considerable extent, where they purposed to await the reinforcements promised them, from different districts of the territory.

Determined to avail myself of this important information, I at once made for the forest designated, which was only about two English miles from the public-house, and was fortunate enough to find the rebels sitting quite unconcernedly round a bright fire; when, on a signal given by their outposts who had perceived me, they hurriedly placed themselves in a state of defence, and re-

ceived our attack with a volley of musketry. After a struggle, which lasted about an hour, they surrendered. The result of this skirmish was, that I captured twenty-seven prisoners, amongst whom were the two ringleaders, Strzemetzki, and Bachalla, and killed some twelve or fifteen. The rest had succeeded in effecting their escape through the many by-roads and hollows with which they were well acquainted.

It would be difficult to describe the joy my men testified at the successful issue of this little affair. The cavalry preceded us, bearing the lances we had taken from the insurgents, then followed the infantry, divided into two columns, between which were the prisoners.

The next day, I sent a full report of the night's events, with the names of those captured, to headquarters in Cracow. Not content with the information I had received relative to the state of the country, and anxious to prove myself worthy of the confidence placed in me, I resolved to reconnoitre the environs, and assure myself as to how far the country was clear from the bands that infested it.

On my return, I called a meeting of the Mayors

of the different villages, and explained to them how matters stood, as well as their duty towards the government. On this occasion, I had an opportunity of judging how little sympathy the country people had for revolutionary principles, unless misled by false representations.

I was just beginning to congratulate myself on the dissolution of the respective insurgent bands, when, not many days after, I was informed that some eighty armed men had concealed themselves in the ruins of Tencyn, about ten English miles from Chrzanow; in consequence of which, I set out for the place in question about nightfall. We reached our destination at daybreak; but the insurgents, warned in time of my approach by their friends, had decamped, and my only reward was to witness the rising sun,—a magnificent sight—from the top of Tencyn Castle, situated on a high mountain, and commanding an extensive view of the country around.

On the highest point of this imposing ruin, still well conserved, we officers threw ourselves down to repose after our fatiguing march, gazing with admiration on the majestic sun, as he ascended slowly above the horizon, the different objects in

the beautiful landscape emerging gradually from darkness. But notwithstanding the awe-inspiring grandeur of this scene, I thought it but a poor compensation for my tedious nocturnal expedition, and, rallying my men, we resumed our march homewards.

My plan, of disturbing the insurgents continually in their hiding-places, which rendered a well-directed attack on their part impracticable, proved successful; and convinced at last, that no revolutionary attempts would be followed up at present, the different bands soon dispersed. In less than a week, not a single armed man was to be seen. As I received an intimation that several notorious characters had fled to Prussia, with the view of awaiting a more favourable opportunity, I repaired to Mislowice, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the authorities to those well-known dangerous individuals.

More than ever anxious to join my regiment in Hungary, I reported my mission as completed to head-quarters previously to my departure; and, on my return from the Prussian frontier, found an order to place a few small detachments in different stations of the territory, and then return to

Cracow with my company. Thus ended the insurrection in the territory, which was so greatly magnified by the press of foreign nations.

I cannot help remarking, on this occasion, how inconceivable it seems, that men, who are ready to stake life itself in a cause which they apparently take up with so much warmth, should lose all spirit and energy at the commencement of perils and difficulties which they must have foreseen. Here were people who, although they had long matured a well-concocted plan, yet surrendered on the appearance of a disciplined force, and thus gave up their scheme, for the success of which they had ventured so much, after a brief resistance.

It must be deeply lamented that such were the manœuvres put into practice by the Poles of late years, which were not only calculated to draw them into ridicule, but must also be detrimental to the reputation they heretofore enjoyed of being a bold, fearless, and noble nation. Indefatigable in conspiring, yet indolence and a want of spirit in the execution of their plots, disqualify them from being successful leaders. Such imbecile conduct holds them up to the derision of Europe, injures their cause, and places

them on a level with the adventurous street-rioters. At the same time, it may not be denied that the Pole has ever distinguished himself by signal bravery, when fighting in the ranks of regular, well-disciplined troops.

On my arrival in Cracow, I felt amply rewarded on hearing that General Baron Legeditsch had expressed his approbation as to the manner in which I had acquitted myself of the command entrusted to me, and I was delighted at length to receive an order to join my regiment with my division and 200 recruits on the following day.

The evening previously to my departure for Hungary, my servant announced, with a smile, that two ladies were in the ante-chamber and had expressed a wish to see me. I was a little perplexed, I confess, at so strange an occurrence, and pondered as to who they could be, and what their object was, when my servant amused me beyond measure by the innocent remark, that they were extremely well dressed, and had come with a footman. I desired him to show them in.

One was *d'un certain age*—the other, young and rather pretty. The elder advanced, and, addressing me in French, begged I would tell her candidly

whether I thought Mr. Strzemetzki "to be seriously compromised?" Here was a pretty question to answer, considering that he was the ringleader. Determined, at all events, to put the best face on the matter, I replied, in my blandest tone, "Why, Madame, it depends upon what you call seriously compromised."

"Well, I mean, whether he will be found guilty of high treason?"

Seeing that this was a lady, who would certainly come at the truth in spite of me, I answered, "Most decidedly."

"Then, he will be hanged," she said, calmly.

I breathed again, for she had saved me the trouble of informing her of the disagreeable fact, but then I remembered, that the younger lady had not spoken at all yet; she might perhaps be deeply interested, for aught I knew, in the prisoner, and would probably faint on hearing the mention of his unavoidable fate. The prospect of a lady fainting in my room was something more than I was equal to, and I really felt embarrassed as to what I should say, but a moment's reflection brought the conviction, that it was far more charitable to speak the truth, than to mislead them:

I therefore said that, "I had every reason to believe that the extreme sentence of the law would be carried into execution."

An awkward pause followed my declaration, after which, the elder lady again addressed me, begging that I would at least intercede for him, convinced that his pardon must be granted at my request.

The idea of my appearing before Baron Lege-ditsch to ask the pardon of the man whom it had cost so much trouble to capture, was too ludicrous, he being not only the most culpable, but also the most dangerous individual. Fully aware that the government had resolved to make an example, I knew besides, from the charges brought against him, that he was a lost man. I therefore couched my answer in mild but positive terms, which I trusted, would convince my fair visitors, that it was not in my power to do anything for the prisoner, and that from the very fact of my having had an opportunity of assuring myself of the extent of his guilt, it was utterly impossible for me to say one word in his favour.

The elder lady then informed me that her younger companion was a relative of the prisoner's,

and begged me to do my utmost to save his life. I terminated the interview by saying that, as I should leave Cracow for Hungary the next morning, I could do nothing even if I were so disposed; thereupon, the ladies made me a stiff bow, and moved towards the door, which I opened with unfeigned delight.

How my heart expanded when they were gone may be conceived, since the interview was quite as painful to me as to the two ladies !

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Cracow—March to Priviczna—Meeting with two Imperial Couriers—Count Szirmay—Feelings of the Peasantry—Entry into Hungary—Arrival at Lublo—Disloyalty of the Inhabitants—Kossuth's Manœuvres to win Proselytes to his cause—Attempt to Seduce my Troops—Arrest of Two Citizens—Hospitality of the Budlein Inhabitants—Arrival at Kasemark—Mysterious Warnings—Unexpected Meeting with Soldiers of the Regiment—Their Complaints against the Inhabitants—Interview with the Bürgermeister—His Arrest—Encampment—The Deputations—The Alarm—Liberality on the part of the Inhabitants towards our Troops in the Distribution of Wine—Baroness W———An Old Acquaintance—Important Information.

HAVING scarcely closed my eyes the night preceding my departure for Hungary, I did not find it any hardship to rise as soon as the first ray of light pierced through the crevices of my window-shutters, and was not sorry to find that the morning promised a lovely May-day, with no clouds in the sky, no vestige of the harsh spring

in its balmy air, perfumed with all the fragrance peculiar to that month.

The clocks of the different churches struck the sixth hour just as my division, consisting of 500 men, including the recruits, took up a position in the large square in Cracow, to await the inspection of General Baron Moltke, after which we commenced our march at seven o'clock.

On our way through the town, we halted on the Stradom, before the residence of General Baron Legeditsch, where we had received orders to defile, after which we gave three cheers to the General Commandant as a farewell, who, in shaking hands, expressed towards me his best wishes. Half an hour after this, we crossed the bridge which divides Podgorze from Cracow, and were on the high road to Idow.

General Baron Moltke having accompanied us for about ten English miles from Cracow, turned his horse's head to join with regret the garrison we had left, whilst I spurred on my horse with a light heart; and, as I rode past, my men observed with pleasure, that they felt quite as happy as myself to be on the way to the battle-field.

At Idow, I engaged 120 waggons, and thus we

proceeded in forced marches to the frontier town called Priviczna, without having met with any adventure worth recording.

At Priviczna I found two officers, Major Count Szirmay (Hungarian Magnate) and first-Lieutenant Wytlacil, both Imperial couriers and the bearers of important despatches for Field-Marshal Vogel and General Benedek. They had awaited me with a view of joining the column in order to pass that part of upper Hungary, particularly the Zipser Comitatus (which had been considerably fanaticised) unmolested, and reach the place of their destination in safety.

Count Szirmay was also charged with the important mission of informing the Sclavonian population of the real state of things, and of explaining to them that the government, so far from wishing to deprive them of their rights, was most anxious to ameliorate the condition of all nations, and to ensure their common welfare, which objects they had in view ; whereas, the insurgent government, actuated only by interested and impure motives, must plunge the country into the deepest misfortunes, and eventually accomplish its ruin at a later period.

Count Szirmay told me that he had, on several occasions, been astonished at the remarkably sound common sense everywhere displayed by the country people, distinguishing justice from iniquity, right from wrong, with almost incredible acuteness, which convinced him that compulsory measures alone could induce them to deviate from the lawful path; and that the peasant being fully aware that the penalty which the ringleader ought by right to pay, ever falls on him, whereby he generally forfeits his little property and life, recognises the fallacy of Revolution at a glance, and is invariably opposed to it. Nor is this astonishing, since it is a well-known fact that the ostensible leaders who corrupt the mass, immediately quit the field on the failure of their plans, and placing themselves beyond the avenging arm of justice with disgraceful cowardice leave the misled million to pay for the few.

Thus it is easily accounted for, that no rebellion in Poland could succeed, for the Gallician peasant cannot be induced to believe in the fine promises held out to him by the haughty Satrapes, which are no sooner made than broken, and therefore he clings to the Imperial Government, which

not only has never deceived him, but was his only protection against the well-known tyranny of his landlord.

It was very much the same case in Hungary, where the peasantry did not, as is generally believed, make common cause with the rebels; but, so far from taking an active part in the revolution, they remained passive in many parts, awaiting the issue of this bloody civil war calmly, except when excited by inflammatory speeches, or in those districts where the clergy, unmindful of their sacred duty, encouraged them to sedition with an enthusiasm by which they were often carried away.

On the 5th May, 1849, we took leave of Gallician ground, and bade adieu to a comfortable bed, for, from that time, mother earth was to be our only couch.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, my small corps stood in rank and file in the little square in Priviczna, a small but neat town, situated in the beautiful valley called Poprat, which intersects the majestic Carpathian mountains in this direction.

Each then examined his musket and ammunition with care previously to loading it; and, hastily

demolishing some bread indulged in a long draught out of his Tschuttora, taking care to fasten it well, lest any portion of the Sklikowitz,* so precious to the soldier on those occasions, should be spilt, and then awaited the word of command impatiently, as if the first step across the frontier would bring us in collision with the enemy.

Mr. Persina, the tax-collector, had had the kindness to prepare an excellent breakfast for us, to which we did great credit, concluding it with a cheer for our chivalrous Emperor. Mr. Persina, perfectly well acquainted with the country around, offered himself as my guide, which proposition I joyfully accepted ; and, about six o'clock, we set out for the frontier of that beautiful land so highly favoured by nature, but now bleeding from a thousand wounds.

We soon reached the line which separates Hungary from Gallicia, where I found an officer on guard with a small detachment, who greeted us warmly ; and, after an eight hours' march through a narrow pathless causeway, the wild but romantic and splendid scenery of which fully indemnified us for all other *désagréments*, we reached Lublo,

* Brandy, made from plums.

one of the sixteen Zipser towns, without having heard or seen anything of the enemy.

The greater part of the population of the sixteen Zipser towns are Germans, and, with the exception of Budlein, which is a Catholic town, Protestant and Calvinists, consequently adherents of Kossuth, who is of the latter persuasion, and knew how to win them over to his cause by the grossest and basest fictions, telling them, for instance, that the free exercise of their faith depended on the successful issue of the Hungarian revolution; he assured them, that, in the event of the Imperial government being successful, their religion would be endangered.

Thus deluded, it may readily be supposed they were favourable to Kossuth's cause, and ready at all times to assist him and his party by every means in their power, giving him constant and immense contributions of shoes, boots, horse-trappings, and cloth for the army; they supported him most actively throughout, with the exception of Budlein, which kept aloof from the revolutionary party.

Kossuth's talent for fiction was of essential service to him, for by misrepresentations alone and numerous cunning devices, could he succeed in keeping the struggle up so long.

That district of Hungary may be considered to have been the most fanaticised, and therefore violent partisans of the revolutionary faction, who favoured the civil war far more than even the pure Hungarian districts of the Cumanes and the Tazyges.

At about half an English mile from Lublo, I was met by a deputation of burghers, who assured me of their loyalty, and expressed themselves most willing to attend to my wishes and orders. Unfortunately for them, I had been warned not to trust to the apparent complaisance I should meet with in that part of Hungary, and by no means to place confidence in their enthusiastic expression of devotion. I therefore received this deputation with cool politeness, and, confining myself merely to ordering the necessary provisions for my men, within the shortest time, entered the town, where I picked out the largest localities to quarter my detachment, for which room could scarcely be found.

Having directed the necessary videttes to be placed, and assured myself that all was right, I took advantage of Mr. Persina's invitation, and with the few officers free from duty, proceeded to

his father-in-law's, where a magnificent supper awaited us, after which we were shown to our *dormitoire*, a large room, where some fresh straw was prepared on the floor. Rendered somewhat sleepy by our long march, and the hot Hungarian wines, it may be supposed that we gladly availed ourselves of the beds offered.

I had not slept long, when I was awoke by my sergeant, who announced, that a patrol had arrested two citizens of the town, who had endeavoured to tamper with some of my recruits. Indignant at this treachery, I sent for the recreants, and having acquainted them that the nature of their offence placed them under martial law, which sentences to death by powder and shot all those individuals who seek to corrupt the army, I told them, they must consider themselves as my prisoners, and accompany me to head-quarters, where they would be tried by court-martial, warning them that, if they attempted to escape, I should exercise my prerogative, and have them shot on the spot.

This occurrence deprived me of my night's rest; and it being a significant proof that I was surrounded by enemies, I determined to continue my

march at daybreak, and for that purpose directed 120 waggons to be in readiness at the first dawn of the morning.

Between five and six o'clock, I set out for Kesemark with the column of vehicles, which I had necessarily divided into several partitions, as much for security-sake as to be able to guide them, congratulating myself on having escaped the machinations of the rebellious inhabitants of Lublo.

The line of extraordinary-looking carts directed by me through the medium of *tambours*, placed at certain intervals, was an original sight, and the gaiety of the soldiers, who were singing almost continually, might have caused this cortège to resemble more a party of pleasure, than a war-like expedition, if the full accoutrements of the men, with their bayonets glittering in the sun, had not destroyed the illusion.

On reaching Budlein, I halted, wishing to give man and horse the much-needed repose of a short hour. We were well received by the population, who entertained us most hospitably, offering us excellent bread and cheese, of which we partook with considerable appetite.

Hoping that they might possibly have heard something of General Benedek's brigade, I questioned them, but could obtain no accurate information, and thanking the inhabitants for their civility, we continued our route till within a short distance of Kesemark.

This place having been represented to me as being ill-disposed towards the Imperial Government, I thought it more prudent to make my men dismount; and, having ordered them to form rank and file, approached the town with the drums beating. I had scarcely proceeded about a hundred steps, when a gentleman approached me, and said in an under tone:—

“Sir, the inhabitants harbour sinister intentions towards you,—be cautious!”

I asked for an explanation of this mysterious warning, but the stranger was gone, and, I continued my way reflecting on the singular occurrence, when a respectably-dressed woman approached me, timidly, saying as she pointed to the town:—

“Oh! Sir, be on your guard! They purpose overpowering you.”

Determined to know more this time, I laid my

hand gently, but firmly, on her arm : “ Speak on, how came you to be informed of the fact ? ” I said, fixing my eyes on her, but she answered unhesitatingly:—

“ I will tell you that, Sir ; when the approach of your troops was announced, carts were sent in all directions to acquaint the guerilla-bands (of which there are many in the neighbourhood) of your arrival, in order that they may attack you in the middle of the night. I cannot tell you more, good Sir, nor may I tarry ; for, if it should be discovered that I exchanged a word with you, I should fare badly after your departure.”

Truly this was a pleasant state of things, a cheering prospect to be thus deprived of our night's rest ; but, as no alternative was left me, except to march on, I acquainted the officers and the two Imperial couriers of the reported danger, which, after all, might only be a stratagem ; and, determined to make no further use of the important intimation, than to recommend double vigilance to my officers, and to act with extreme caution myself.

Within a short distance of the town, I was not a little surprised to meet with a group of soldiers bearing the facings of our regiment. Their woful

countenances, which gradually relaxed into smiles as we approached, and crest-fallen appearance, excited my curiosity.

“What has delayed you here?” I asked. Their answer was comprised in few words. They had been taken ill on the march, and were left behind by the regiment until sufficiently recovered to join, but a few nights after the regiment had left, they were attacked by armed men, who broke into their room, and robbed them of their clothes, money, arms, and ammunition.

Having desired them to follow me, I entered the town, and, drawing up on the Piazza, requested the immediate attendance of the Burgomaster, whose pale looks betrayed that he made a pretty good guess as to the object of my interview, particularly since the plundered soldiers stood near me. I asked him briefly: “Are you aware that the dwelling of these soldiers, who were left behind by their regiment as invalids, was broken into at night, and that their arms and ammunition were taken away by armed insurgents?”

“Yes,” stammered he.

“What measures did you adopt to recover their property?”

“None.”

“Why none?”

“Because the affair happened at night, and these people were armed: and, in fact, I did not know who they were, except that they belonged to the guerilla bands of this neighbourhood, against whom it was impossible for me to attempt any resistance.”

“But you must have known perfectly well, that the guerilla bands could not have attacked the soldiers and plundered them, if they had not been informed of their stay here by the inhabitants of the town, who must have betrayed their place of residence to the enemy. It was, in any case, your duty to make strict inquiries; and, at all events, you ought, in the first instance, to have adopted the necessary measures to protect the soldiers from such an aggression. Your justification is, therefore, not at all satisfactory to me; and I regret to be compelled, under the circumstances, to make you my prisoner, until the stolen property be restored to me. The disgraceful treatment Imperial soldiers have received from a German population, and which you tolerated, sufficiently proves the disloyalty of the inhabitants.’

The Burgomaster returned no answer, and, having placed a guard over him, we encamped on a long plain about an English mile from the town. Having ordered two sergeants on outpost service, we prepared to dine, after which I purposed to march to Poprat, where it would be necessary to give the men a few hours' rest before I continued my route to St. Miklos, in the environs of which I hoped to meet with the corps of General Benedek, the next, or at the latest, the second day.

Having taken all necessary precautions to prevent a surprise, I, with the officers, sought refuge from a scorching sun under a large tree, and meditated upon the events of the morning, when a deputation of Burghers was announced. Their errand was simply a request that I would set the Burgomaster free, assuring me of his loyalty, as well as their own. I advised them another time to prove their loyalty with deeds, rather than words, and dismissed them.

About an hour after this, two other deputations waited on me, with the same demand. These I also acquainted with my determination not to relent, until the property had been restored to the soldiers, finally assuring them that all further

applications were useless, unless my order was complied with.

The last deputation had scarcely left me, when a corporal announced that the alarm was beaten in the town, and the inhabitants preparing to attack me, with the intention of enforcing their demand. Ordering my men to fall in, I marched towards Kesmark. But my approach was no sooner known there, than order was quickly restored; and a deputation met me with the most solemn assurances of their loyalty, saying that the alarm had been beaten in consequence of a fire which broke out, but not, as evil-minded persons had supposed, with any view of a hostile demonstration against my troops on the part of the inhabitants.

Although perfectly well aware of their real intentions, and the falsity of their statements, I yet thought it more prudent to refrain from using coercive measures, and seemed to credit their protestations, hoping thus to allay the public excitement. I then once more encamped, but this time within a few yards of the town; and requesting that my soldiers might speedily be provided for, we sought repose again, when a lady solicited an

interview, which I of course granted. Her appearance was very prepossessing, and her manners were such as to convince me at once that I was addressed by a person of rank.

It was the Baroness W———g, possessed of some property in the neighbourhood, who came to intercede for my friend the Burgomaster, assuring me that he might justly be reckoned as one of the most loyal of his Majesty's subjects—that his private and public character was such as to forbid a doubt of his having been implicated in the plunder of the soldiers, which circumstance must be attributed to the disturbed times, rather than to any neglect on his part—because the town being continually surrounded by guerilla bands, it became impossible for him to attempt any reprisals against the delinquents, as he had no soldiers at his disposal to enforce his demand. Wherefore, he could not have acted otherwise than he had done, without endangering the safety of the loyal part of the population.

The seductive eloquence and fascinating manners of my fair visitor rendered my task a most disagreeable one, but I could only give one answer, and that was a refusal, which I couched in the

most polite terms, endeavouring to convince her that duty and inclination very rarely go hand in hand, and consequently of the dire necessity of my following the dictates of the former, which compelled me most reluctantly to appear so ungallant. In fact, I have a faint remembrance of making a very fine speech on the occasion, and certainly consider myself to have behaved extremely well under the trying circumstances.

The world knows how difficult it is to convince a lady, whether she be right or wrong, and how rarely she gives up a point when determined on carrying it. Such was the case in the present instance; it may, therefore, be conceived that I was in a most unpleasant predicament, for the argument grew warmer at every moment without my being able to gain ground, since, for all the reasons I adduced as a justification of my perseverance, my fair adversary had an answer, which necessitated a further reply on my part, and I was at my wit's end how to close this interview, which had become extremely embarrassing. The Baroness determined to leave no means untried, appealed to my pity in the most winning terms, entreating me to liberate the Burgomaster for the

sake of his wife, who was not in a condition to hear of the imprisonment of her husband without perhaps paying with her life the sudden shock. This was a home blow—married myself, I could understand Madame's grief; and, finding that all attempts to convince my applicant of the impossibility of my complying with her request were useless, I expressed my regret that, not being sufficiently acquainted with the Burgomaster to judge of his loyalty, otherwise than by his deeds, I could not allow private considerations to interfere with my duty.

"I see you doubt me," she replied; "take me perhaps for a rebel," added she, with a smile. "Do you know any person here, or in the neighbourhood, who could convince you of my honest motives?"

"Not a soul," I answered.

"Well, but perhaps if I name some officers, who have retired from the army, you may chance to be personally acquainted with one out of the many."

She had mentioned about a dozen, none of whom I knew, when an open phaeton drove past.

"There!" exclaimed the Baroness, "surely you know Major Badany, formerly of the Nicholas

Hussars—he was quartered in Bohemia some years ago?”

In the meantime, Major Badany, who was really an old acquaintance of mine, drew up, on perceiving me, and approached me hurriedly to shake hands. It was some years since we had met, when we enjoyed many a happy hour together, and old reminiscences, therefore, made our meeting a delightful one.

The Baroness W——g, who had appealed to him, he assured me was most loyal, and quite adverse to the Kossuth faction. With regard to the Burgomaster, he admitted that he failed in the execution of his duty to some extent, adding that, all circumstances considered, he could not well have acted otherwise.

The Burgomaster, on his part, expressed himself ready to make some reparation to the soldiers for the loss they had sustained, with the exception of the arms and ammunition, which had been carried away by the guerilla band. I therefore told the Baroness W——g that my future intentions with regard to the Burgomaster must be regulated by the conduct of the inhabitants, whose fault it would be, if he was not liberated at my departure,

until then, however, I insisted on his remaining in the camp as a hostage.

When the Baroness W——g was gone, Major Badany said somewhat seriously: "Well, tell me what you are doing here, and whither you are going?"

"A few words will put you *au fait*," I replied: "I am on my way to join the brigade of General Benedek."

"Good God!" he ejaculated, "why you must be mad to attempt it. Are you aware that there are, at this moment, one hundred and thirty-five English miles between you and General Benedek—that your road lies through the valley of the Waag to Presburg, where the Austrian army is concentrating, and which, believe me, you cannot reach, in spite of the greatest physical exertions, without sacrificing your men and officers, for you must be annihilated."

Seeing that I was not to be dissuaded, he added in a whisper, "General Dembinski is at Leutschak, which is within twenty English miles of you, with 10,000 men, and has ordered 1,000 waggons to convey his troops at the dawn of day, to-morrow. His intention is to attack Benedek in the

rear, and, if you advance, your corps is doomed. What renders your position still more difficult is, that messengers and carts have been sent in a directions to the guerilla bands encamped in this neighbourhood, who purpose to attack you within a few leagues of the town."

The information given me by my friend was as serious as it was important, and of its correctness I could scarcely entertain a doubt, for he knew every movement of the enemy. What was to be done? Inclination urged us on—prudence suggested a retreat

When Major Badany had taken his departure, enjoining me to be cautious, I consulted with my officers, quite as unwilling to retreat as myself. So many fatal conjunctions rendered my expedition extremely difficult, and I would ten thousand times rather stand exposed to a shower of cannon balls, than be placed in so critical a position again. To have decided upon my course of action, with reference to the mere suggestions of military order, would have been culpable here, for the duty of a commandant, is to take the strength of his troops into consideration, and not expose the lives of

those confided to him, without the possibility of deriving any advantage.

In the meantime, the inhabitants had provided my soldiers liberally, but wine I found had been given in such large quantities as to make it obvious that their intention was to intoxicate the troops, and to render them unavailable. I immediately restricted the use of the beverage, and was astonished to hear from several of the men, that the young girls, who had brought their dinner, advised them to be on their guard. I could not but see plainly that every moment's delay increased the danger.

CHAPTER IV.

Retreat to Winschendorf—Arrival at that place—The Landlord and his Bill arouse my suspicions—Approach of the Enemy—Removal of the baggage—Intrepidity of my servants—Pursuit by three Hussars—The baggage and the Government money—The two prisoners—Their attempt to escape, and consequent death—A sharp Skirmish—Count S—— wounded—His loyalty—The Countess S——My horse is shot—Narrow escape from being killed myself—Bad leadership on the part of the Magyars—Cruelty of the Hungarians towards their prisoners—Count C——'s dreadful death—Gorgey's kindness to General Baron Goty—General Baron Goty and Captain Baron Goty's death—The Dispatch—My retreat to Altendorf—My position at Altendorf and Szomovce—The Enemy's approach—I receive Orders to defend the Pass—Preparations to receive the Enemy—Treachery of the Mayor of Altendorf—Salutation between the Chief of the Guerilla Bands and myself—The Enemy's attack—Skirmish at Szomovce—Retreat of the enemy—Arrival of Captain H——'s Guide to the Russian Corps, under the Command of General Baron Saas—My Departure from Szomovce—The Estafette—Counter Orders—My application to General Baron S———His Reply—I receive definite Orders to join the Brigade of General Baron Bario—Arrival in Sandee—Un-

expected Meeting with Count S——A Dinner-Party—Introduction to several Hungarians—Their Complaints against Kossuth—I join my Division at Sucho.

I COLLECTED my men, and explained the necessity of an immediate retreat to the officers ; since, by advancing, I ran the risk of being engaged in a cross fire by Dembinski's corps and the guerilla bands; moreover, I was not acquainted with the exact position of General Benedek. Besides, the country before me was occupied by an enemy of superior force, with whom I could not cope; having no prospect of obtaining assistance, being without cavalry and artillery, and not even provided with reserve ammunition. It would therefore be madness to challenge a force of 10,000 men, particularly since my retreat would then be cut off by the enemy, who was coming upon us from two sides, and who must succeed in surrounding us, if we delayed. Having weighed all these facts over well, I with regret gave the order to march by Bela and Winschensdorf, to the Gallician frontier.

We reached Winschensdorf only late the same night, and consequently found all the inhabitants asleep. It was some time before I succeeded in

waking the Mayor of the town. But it was still more difficult to get him to understand that my men must be quartered in the place ;—whereupon, he offered to have some straw put in to the adjoining sheds. Glad enough to obtain even that, we accepted his proposition, desiring to be supplied with bread and cheese, which we enjoyed greatly ; not a little delighted to have baffled the guerilla bands of Kesemark, and indulging in the hope that we had escaped the most imminent danger ; still commenting on the adventures of the day, we threw ourselves, in full uniform, without even unbuckling our swords, on the straw which had been spread for us in the loft thinking to obtain a few hours' sleep—when we heard a heavy foot approaching, and our host stood before us, demanding to be paid immediately for the provisions he had given us. We assured him that he should be paid in the morning, after breakfast—but begged he would retire now, as we saw no necessity for our being disturbed at that hour.

“ Who is to trust to the morrow, in these sore times ? ” he answered, gruffly—“ you may be attacked, and all dead, before morning—no, no, I must be paid now ! ”

This aroused our suspicions; and, having got rid of his inopportune presence, I ordered the outpost to be extremely vigilant, and frequent patrols during the night; which, however, passed quietly enough—when, at six o'clock in the morning, the outpost announced the appearance of a column of infantry and cavalry. The guerrilla bands had mustered in great force, and had overtaken us. Ordering the drums to beat the alarm, and assemble the troops, I sent one company to meet the enemy, and detain them until I had taken up a position behind the village; for I could not possibly have defended myself in it.

It is utterly incomprehensible how much physical strength we possessed in the moment of danger, of which I had a striking example in myself. Our whole private and military baggage, packed in waggons, stood in the middle of the village, the front towards the enemy, who was fast approaching, and the horses not even put to the first waggon, which, conveying my private baggage and £600 of the Government money, was the most important to save. Seeing there was not a moment to lose, I rushed forward, and, without any assistance, turned the heavily-packed vehicle round

by the pole as if it had been a mere toy, and, beckoning to the drivers of the two foremost horses, who were being trotted up with premeditated slowness by the peasant, I ordered them to be put to, and desiring my two servants, Albert and Francis, to mount, with strict injunctions not to let it fall into the hands of the enemy, and to shoot the peasants if they refused to proceed, I bade them apply the whip to the horses, who galloped off at full speed, followed shortly by the rest of the baggage.

Before I refer to the skirmish itself, I must relate the bravery and presence of mind of my servants. They had not proceeded far, when the hussars, who had probably received an intimation from the inhabitants, of the removal of the wag-gons, overtook them, having cautiously availed themselves of a circuitous route round the village. The peasant to whom the horses belonged, relaxed his pace, on seeing the hussars coming towards them, and said with a malicious grin, "You had better say "Elljiu Kossuth."

"Rascal!" exclaimed Albert—"I suspected you before"—and, taking one of my pistols out of the case, he threatened to shoot him on the spot un-

less he put his horses into a gallop; by a strange coincidence, he had scarcely spoken the words, when a shot from the enemy pierced the hat of the peasant, who, believing my servant to have fired, applied the whip with a loud curse; but the peasant's horses could not be expected to cope with the spirited steeds on which the hussars were mounted, and the first, already by the side of the waggon, raised his sabre to cut down Albert, who, on his knees, with one hand on the edge of the cart, aimed at the hussar, and so well, that he fortunately shot him under the arm; he had scarcely fallen from his horse, when a second hussar, with a bassamalike at his comrade's death, let his sabre fall heavily on the hands of Albert, who, thus disabled, dropped the pistol; but Francis, unsheathing my sword-sabre, which lay in the waggon, gave the hussar so severe a cut across the face, that he reeled in his saddle, and lost ground; the third, seeing two to one, gave up the pursuit, and my baggage, with the Imperial money, was thus saved by the intrepidity of my two servants.

At the commencement of the action, I warned my two Lublo prisoners, who, it will be remembered, were convicted of having attempted to

seduce some of my recruits, that any attempt to escape would prove their death-warrant; and, in their presence, gave strict injunctions to the guards to watch them with the utmost vigilance, and show no mercy if they endeavoured to join the enemy. The prisoners listened sullenly, and made no reply. Shortly after this, my attention was attracted by a shot, and, looking in the direction, I saw that the two prisoners had succeeded in breaking from the guards, who called upon them to halt, three times: but the fugitives increased their speed for all answer, seeing which the soldiers fired, and both fell dead to the ground. There was no help for it,—they had been sufficiently warned, and it was an imperative duty on my part, to prevent their joining the enemy, to whom they could have given important information.

In the meantime, the enemy had opened his fire along the line, developing his superior strength. He sent circuitous columns to the right and left with a view of cutting off my retreat across the Magyura mountains, in which I baffled him by my original plan of deserting the village at the commencement of the action; whilst Captain Böhur,

who fought with great valour against superior numbers, detained the enemy until I had taken up an advantageous position behind the village, and was enabled to accept his challenge, as soon as I had gained the summit of some rising ground, which enabled me to remain on the defensive, until Captain Böhur had retreated from the village, with inconsiderable loss, and placed himself on my right wing. I then hoped to obtain an advantage over the enemy, by a successful assault, and to compel him to retreat into the village, where I perceived that my right flank was threatened by a strong body of insurgents, who had suddenly appeared on a wooded hill with the intention of attacking me on that side. By this skilful manœuvre on their part, I was compelled to retire about 200 paces, but immediately sent Lieutenant Kleiv with a section towards the enemy to cover my right wing. The enemy, encouraged by this retrograde movement, reinforced his attacking line and opened a smart fire on my centre (whereby I lost my horse) thus hoping to make me waver; but a second assault on my side paralyzed his actions, without yet being productive of any favourable result beyond that of maintaining my position for

a short time, nor could aught else be expected, as a force of 500 men could not possibly gain any advantage over one of 2,200. All that I could hope to accomplish was an honourable retreat with the least possible loss. In this I succeeded, having taken my third position on an extremely advantageous point on the Magyura mountains, I forced the enemy to retreat to Winschensdorf, after an obstinate fight, whilst I proceeded on my march to the Gallician frontier by Altendorf, which I reached without being further molested by the enemy.

My loss was comparatively trifling ; whilst that of the enemy was more serious. I could see quite plainly, by means of a telescope, that he carried his wounded away in eight waggons. I had only one killed, five wounded, and thirteen missing. Amongst my wounded was Count Szirmay, the Imperial Courier, who had received a shot in his leg, and must have been made prisoner, if I had not fortunately seen him stagger about a hundred yards from me. Hurrying to his assistance, I took him under the arm, and giving him into the charge of two soldiers, desired them to place him beyond the reach of the balls, which were every where falling around us. They succeeded most

miraculously in carrying him to the mountains, where his wound was bandaged; and, placing him on one of the baggage-waggon, fortunately within reach of the soldiers, proceeded with him to Szromovce, a Gallician village. They were subsequently rewarded for their bravery on that occasion, with the silver medal.

Count S—— would have fared but ill, if he had fallen into the hands of the Hungarians, having made himself obnoxious by his stedfast loyalty, which won for him his Majesty's favour; he having at the outbreak of the revolution, levied a battalion of volunteers on his estate, near Eperies, which he placed at the disposal of the Emperor. But, when the Imperial troops were compelled to evacuate that district, the Hungarians confiscated his property; and Count S—— found himself almost without pecuniary resources. He was then compelled to take the Countess with him, but at last managed to bring her safely to Vienna; her life being constantly endangered. When his Majesty was made acquainted with her arrival, and the circumstances which compelled her to seek refuge in the capital, he ordered a suit of apartments to be prepared for her reception, in

the Imperial residence at Schonbrunn, where this lady resided during the campaign.

The well-directed fire of the insurgents spared me, though I had some narrow escapes; two balls I found lodged in my cloak, and my poor horse was, as I have observed, shot under me, for which I was very sorry. The soldier always becomes more or less attached to an animal who has borne his rider through many a danger. As some consolation for my loss, five carriages, and several horses of the enemy, fell into our hands.

I cannot understand why the Magyars did not, on that occasion, turn their numerical superiority to better advantage; for, had their leaders been more skilful soldiers, they must have either annihilated my corps, or made every one of us prisoners. Whether to attribute their glaring oversights to bad generalship, or want of courage, it would be hard to determine; but let us judge as soldiers, and take the former for granted. Their guns, which carried pretty far, were of first-rate Liege manufacture. They could, therefore, be manœuvred to my destruction at a considerable distance.

I have every reason to thank God that I came

out of this sanguinary affair, without having been even wounded, or, what would be worse than all, made prisoner, which each dreaded more than death, from the day that we heard of the dreadful death of Count C——, Major of the Light Cavalry Regiment, Emperor Francis Joseph.

I cannot refrain from giving the particulars of his death, as it will prove the falsity of the assertions set forth by Hungarian agents, that the insurgents were ever most humane towards the captured. The reader may judge from the following statement what credit they deserve for treating their prisoners with kindness.

Major Count Concoreggio, a most distinguished officer, engaged in the battle fought at Kaschau on the 11th December, 1848, fell wounded from his horse. This being perceived by the enemy, the Polish legion rushed towards the defenceless man, and with savage yells of joy, unworthy of cannibals, beat him to death, some with the butt-ends of their guns, others with the flat of their swords. The civilized barbarians, not thinking this sufficient torture, scooped out the eyes of the unhappy officer, still quivering in his death-struggle.

Was it astonishing, that, shuddering at the

recollection of such barbarity, we preferred death to falling into their hands? If each officer in the Austrian army were to commit to paper the numberless atrocities individually witnessed, the vaunted humanity of the insurgent army would rest on a very feeble foundation. Could anything else be expected when we know that the refuse of every nation was admitted joyfully into the ranks of the Hungarian army. And even though a criminal who had narrowly escaped the gallows, he would still have been received with open arms, for, provided his cry was "Elljiu Kossuth" his vices and misdeeds became virtues.

Gorgey and Klapka were the only humane insurgent Generals who, it must be acknowledged, treated the prisoners according to the rules of civilized warfare, and, as far as it lay in their power, never permitted them to receive ill-treatment, and even invited the officers to their table. Gorgey's humanity was proverbial, and the following anecdote proves his natural goodness of heart.

An Austrian captain, whose name has escaped my memory, had the misfortune to be mortally wounded, and made prisoner during one of the hot battles in Upper Hungary, in the month of January.

Gorgey hurried to him after the engagement, recommended him to the special care of the best surgeon, and finally asked him whether he could do anything for him; upon which the dying man expressed a wish once more to see his wife, who resided at Eperies. Gorgey wrote immediately to F. M. L. Count Schlick, and, acquainting him with the circumstance, begged that the captain's wish might be fulfilled. Count Schlick complied with the request, and took that opportunity of thanking Gorgey for his humane treatment of the prisoners. This was related to me by an officer of our regiment who had also been captured, and was the bearer of the letter alluded to.

Another fine trait of Gorgey's was his generous treatment of General Baron Gotz, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Waitzen on the 10th April, 1849. This hero was struck on the head by a ball whilst on the bridge, and in the act of commanding an attack. He fell from his horse immediately, and must have been trampled to death if some of his officers had not passed by, and, conveying him to the nearest house, recommended him to the care of the landlord. When Gorgey was informed of this after the engagement,

he at once repaired to the general, and treated him up to the moment of his death with every attention in his power, and by his orders he was buried with all the military honours due to his rank, and the will sent by two parliamentaries to our outposts.

What a pity Gorgey was a rebel, since, possessed of a highly-cultivated mind and of great military abilities, he might have rendered essential service to his country had he remained loyal to his lawful sovereign!

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Previously to closing my account of the action at Winschensdorf, I must relate an incident which occurred during that engagement, and which excited my hilarity notwithstanding the danger of the hour. At the moment of my being surrounded, when my position was most critical, the enemy threatening to cut off our retreat, I became aware that some paper was being torn in my immediate vicinity, and, on turning round, beheld the Imperial courier occupied in tearing up an important dispatch, and, so anxious was he, lest any fragment of it should fall into the hands of the enemy, in the event of his being made prisoner, as he apprehended, that

he crammed one piece after the other into his mouth.

“What on earth are you about?” I inquired.

“Why, captain,” he replied, “it is better to be sure than sorry; if they make a prisoner of me, and now torture or kill me, it is quite indifferent to me, since the important dispatch confided to my care is in safety.”

It was undoubtedly in safety; but, when the danger was over, we laughed considerably, and he with us at the indigestible *dejeuner* devoured with such avidity.

Having attended to my poor wounded soldiers, I gave the necessary orders relative to our marching to Altendorf, since the animosity of the Winschensdorf inhabitants towards Imperial troops was sufficiently evinced by their firing from the windows on the company under the command of Captain Böhur, whom I had sent to meet the enemy. The conduct of the host, and the well-timed attack made upon me by the enemy, who seemed to have been thoroughly acquainted with my movements, made it quite obvious that they had received ample information, and that I was surrounded by spies and traitors, in league with the Lublo and Kesemark rebels.

All these circumstances combined, rendered it absolutely necessary that I should return to the Gallician frontier, and endeavour to join General Benedek by another route. I therefore proceeded at once on my march thither by Altendorf, which I reached without being disturbed by the enemy, and there I determined to grant my troops a short rest, availing myself of that opportunity to acquaint the officers with my next intended movement. Having decided on leaving a party in command of an officer at Altendorf for observation, I repaired in person with the main body of my troops to Szromovce, about half-an-hour's march from Altendorf, on the left bank of the Dunajee.

There I found a company of the loyal Hungarian regiment, Count Leiningen, guarding the frontier. Although not personally acquainted with any of the officers, they welcomed me most warmly, assuring me that, from the account given them by Count Szirmay, who had passed through, and as I heard was suffering greatly from his wounds, that they looked upon me as lost, his own conviction being that, as I could not possibly cope with a force so much greater than my own, I must either be annihilated or taken prisoner, and they were there-

fore doubly delighted to see me. The spies whom I sent out immediately on my arrival, brought me word that the insurgents, who had received considerable reinforcements, intended fortifying the Magyura pass; and, if possible, to destroy the bridge which had been thrown across the Dunajee for the use of the Russian auxiliary troops expected to arrive every day, and that they purposed to attack me the next morning. Their force was estimated at 10,000 men; I, of course, decided at once to defend the pass; for this purpose, I immediately caused entrenchments to be thrown up as the best means of frustrating the enemy's attempt to render the temporary bridge unavailable. But it was not easy to accomplish this work, the two villages Szromovce and Altendorf being situated in a valley of the Carpathian mountains, to which troops could readily gain access under cover of the surrounding woods, unperceived from either place. It was, therefore, extremely easy to surprise me, which I could only guard against by the utmost caution.

The Hungarians, being aware of the advantages that accrue from a surprise where the adversary is unprepared, made it their favourite manœuvre

whenever an opportunity offered. This is one of the reasons why it was absolutely necessary that the Austrian army should act with the utmost circumspection, and observe more than usual caution, since the slightest negligence in outpost service or otherwise was immediately punished by an unforeseen attack of the insurgent army, for the leaders, being accurately informed of the movements made by the smallest detachment of the Austrian army, within the shortest time, were enabled to adopt measures which often proved a great impediment to the mobility of our troops.

On the evening of my arrival at Szromovce, I had made a report to F. M. L. Baron Hamnerstein, Commander-in-Chief of Gallicia, stating the reasons which had compelled me to retreat to the frontier, as well as the difficulties with which I had to contend, and finally reported the absolute necessity of my remaining at Szromovce, to defend the pass until relieved by other troops, as I considered the point too important to abandon. His Excellency's reply was, to defend it at any cost, and to the last man, rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy; and, empowering me to act as I thought circumstances demanded.

In the meantime, aided by the peasantry, I fortified the pass with uninterrupted activity.

The most necessary trenches had only just been completed, when the frequent appearance of hussars, probably reconnoitring patrols, betokened the enemy's approach. Prepared to receive them, I hastened to the Company of Leiningen Infantry placed under my command, and addressing the men, who were mostly Transylvanians, in their own language, which I was fortunately well acquainted with, I bade them remember their oath to the Austrian Colours, and the allegiance they owed to his Majesty the Emperor, and concluded my speech by saying that I felt convinced, they would not abuse the confidence I placed in them, or disgrace their uniform by becoming traitors. An enthusiastic cheer for the Emperor was the answer to my appeal; its sincerity giving me the assurance that I could trust them as well as the Magyars, who had joined so loudly in the hurrah. I was not disappointed, for they behaved with undaunted bravery.

I then reconnoitred from an elevated spot of ground which commanded the country around,

and, with the aid of my telescope, soon made out the enemy. But what was my astonishment to see the Mayor of Altendorf, to whom I had given the strictest orders to acquaint me with the approach of the insurgents (and prohibited on pain of death, from holding any communication with the enemy) engaged in earnest conversation with two insurgent officers on horseback! By his gesticulations, I could see that he was informing them of my exact position, and the strength of my troops, after which he parted from them in somewhat friendly terms, and by a circuitous road strolled over the bridge, as if he were admiring the beauties of nature.

It may be supposed, that, anxious to be the first to hear what he had to say, I hastened to meet him: for, after all, chance might have brought him into collision with the enemy, who had perhaps forced him to betray me; if so, he would, of course, give me an account of what had occurred. I accosted him with assumed indifference, saying calmly, "What news? Have you seen or heard anything of the enemy?"

"No," replied he, carelessly. "You may be quite at your ease: I know nothing of the enemy

but I came to ask how much meat and wine you require to-morrow for your troops?"

"So, that is your errand," I resumed, giving him one more chance. "You have no important information to give me?"

"None," he replied, with a perceptible tremour in his voice, this time.

"Look at this telescope, traitor, and tremble, for know that from the top of yonder mountain I witnessed your interview with the insurgent officers, who are approaching with a column and intend taking me by surprise, thanks to the information you have given them of my strength and position, for which culpable treachery, I shall send you to New Sandee, this very day, where you shall meet with the punishment awarded by martial law to spies.

Upon this, the traitor, falling on his knees, gave me a detailed and accurate account of the enemy's intentions, unasked, hoping thus to obtain his pardon. I reminded him of the warning I had given him on entering the village, not to tamper with the enemy if he valued his life. Whereupon, I told him he must take the consequences of his folly, and, as soon as the necessary arrangements

were completed, I sent him with an escort to Sandee.

Whilst I had been thus engaged, the leader of the Guerillas, awaiting some signal from the faithless Mayor, who was already a prisoner in the guard-house, had approached with some of his officers. I was not a little astonished to see him gradually appear on an elevated ground, and look about cautiously with a telescope, whereupon I made use of mine. Our eyes met, and we very civilly saluted each other. In the meantime, several officers joined me, to whom I pointed out the group. The leader of the Guerillas perceiving us took off his plumed hat, and the faint sound of "Elljiu Kossuth," was borne to us by the evening breeze, echoed by many voices, upon which we waved our tschaikos, and responded to the call by *Es lebe broch** our Emperor Francis Joseph. Soon after this, the surrounding heights were crowned by the enemy's forces, who were displaying their strength, with evident intentions of commencing an attack, although they restricted themselves during an entire day, to petty skirmishes, in which I lost several excellent soldiers.

* Long life to.

At dusk, however, the enemy seemed seriously inclined to take to the offensive, and approach the well-guarded banks of the river, with the intention of setting fire to the bridge. Guessing the object which this detachment had in view, I sent a party to threaten them in the flank, whilst I opened a smart fire on their front. The skirmishing was kept up with considerable obstinacy on both sides, for several hours. The Guerillas stood their ground firmly: at length, however, some of our shots must have told well, for I heard a voice from the opposite shore exclaim in German, "Herr* Captain let us retreat ere it is too late, our loss is already considerable," and shortly after, they retired hastily, without disturbing us further. The next morning, I received a report that an insurgent corps, consisting of 500 rifle sharpshooters, was approaching, with the apparent intention of attacking me again. My troops were quickly at their posts, and the military points were occupied, whilst the enemy stealthily approached, and at last came within shot, upon which I opened my fire. Our first volley deprived the enemy of an officer and two privates. The

* Monsieur.

insurgents kept up their fire nearly the whole day, without doing me any serious injury, notwithstanding that their excellent muskets carried a distance of six hundred paces!

I held the pass for about a fortnight, and during that period was subject to frequent attacks on the part of the enemy, which compelled me to send out constant patrols, with a view of observing their movements, and frustrating their designs.

Unable to profit by the shelter of the village in our immediate vicinity, I was forced to encamp, and expose my harassed troops to the inclemency of the weather.

As matters stood, I could not obtain a moment's rest myself; for, besides my military occupations, my time was taken up by the constant arrival of couriers and estafettes, who came every hour of the day to obtain information from me as to the stations of the different troops in Hungary, which it was not in my power to give, as I had been compelled to retreat.

For many reasons, I naturally looked forward with anxiety to the arrival of the Russian troops, who were advancing fast, and at last I was

agreeably surprised by the unexpected appearance of Captain H——, of the Fürstemvarther Infantry, who served as a guide to the Russian corps under the command of General Baron Saas, already stationed at Spitzkouru, and came to obtain accurate information as to the strength and position of the insurgents, who were reported to be stationed in the Zips. I sent spies and patrols to reconnoitre, from whom I ascertained that an inferior force had taken up a position in the Magyura mountains; but excepting those, the country was clear, owing perhaps to the rapid approach of the Russians.

Captain H—— left Szromovce the next day, and shortly after I received an order to break up on the 17th, and march to Bielitz, where I should find the brigade stationed. I therefore sent Lieutenant Count Nys on the 16th, with a detachment, to regulate quarters; and, on the 17th, at one o'clock in the morning, I left Szromovce with my division. It had been raining up to midnight; the roads were, therefore, in a dreadful state, and not favoured by the moon; we waded through the mud in the dark.

About ten miles from Szromovce, a horseman

overtook me in full gallop. It was an estafette from head-quarters with a dispatch, which it was impossible to read, the night being so intensely dark, and not a house to be found where I could obtain a light. Fortunately, one of my corporals had matches about him, which he lighted, and, taking off his tschako, made a lantern of it, and thus I was enabled to read the dispatch. It contained an order to remain at Szromovce until the arrival of Russian troops. I returned to Szromovce, not over-pleased, but sent a messenger to Count Nys, with instructions to remain at Neumarket, which he had already reached, and repair to Spitzkowiec, the head-quarters of the Russian corps, for the purpose of acquainting the Russian General Baron Saas, that I awaited with anxiety, to be relieved by his troops at Szromovce, in order to be able to join my regiment. His reply was, that he could not comply with my request at present. Nor was it necessary, since the enemy had, to all appearance, retired into the interior of the country.

This report I then sent to head-quarters, and, on the 20th of May, I once more received an order to re-enter Hungary, and join the Brigade

of General Barco, now at Czaga, that of General Benedek being already too far advanced in the interior of the country to render my reaching him practicable. My orders were, to draw money in (New Sandee) Gallicia, for my men, when I should receive final instructions. My division, therefore, preceded me to Sucho, whilst I repaired to New Sandee, where I met with Count S——y, whose wound had not yet permitted him to proceed. He told me that Sandee was filled with families from Upper Hungary, who had been compelled to fly, owing to the reign of terror brought about by the Kossuth faction.

Count S——y invited me to dinner, and took that opportunity of introducing several Hungarians of distinction to me, who complained bitterly of the arrogance, as well as the despotism of the Provisional Government, and assured me that it was with difficulty they succeeded in escaping with their lives.

I left Sandee at six o'clock the next morning, and reached Sucho, where my division awaited me.

CHAPTER V.

The Cossack Troops—The Russian Cavalry—Seibusch—
A Day's Gaiety—A Night's Bivouac at Czaga—Arrival
at the Camp near Budatin—The Castle of Budatin—
Attack on the Castle—Its Defence and Destruction—
Sillein—The Cholera—Arrival of Two Cossacks at the
Camp—Reconnoitring Expedition—A Dinner Party of
Thirteen—Scenes in the Camp at Budatin—My de-
parture.

My way now lying through Gallicia by Neu-
mark and Seibusch, we were out of the enemy's
reach, it was once more permitted to us to indulge
in the luxury of a good room, and soft bed, which
seemed doubly delightful after having been de-
prived of these comforts so long. The friendly
welcome we received everywhere was not less
pleasing.

In marching through Gallicia, I had an oppor-
tunity of seeing the Russian troops. The Cos-

sacks, the vanguard of all Russian troops, were the first I met. Their horses are generally small, thin, and insignificant-looking, but most enduring. The saddles are extremely plain, and of coarse workmanship. The uniform of the rider is a blue short coat, trousers of the same colour, drawn tight at the ankle, a long grey cloak, which is worn by the Russian army in general, and boots without spurs. The Cossack is well armed, having an Asiatic sabre by his side, and a long gun, well protected by a case, which hangs across his shoulders. In front of his saddle are a pair of pistols, as well as a very long pike, or lance; and in his right hand he has the kamtschuck, a Russian short whip.

The Cossacks, whose appearance is extremely martial, will endure incredible hardships, and are untiring in pursuit of the enemy, whom they will worry unceasingly; indefatigable, they give them not a moment's respite, and alarming them constantly reduce them to despair. But they would be less useful in an assault; wherefore, their service is confined to important patrols, daring expeditions that often approach the fabulous, to seek and spy out the enemy at a marvellous distance. A

first-rate rider, the Cossack is completely master of his horse, for which he entertains the greatest affection ; and, by bestowing every care and attention on it can do almost anything he pleases with the sagacious animal.

In the course of the campaign, I had manifold opportunities of admiring the extraordinary skill and agility of the Cossack : many artists performing at Astley's might envy the Russian equestrian for a talent which seems innate. To hit a mark at full gallop, or to take up a handkerchief, or pipe, from the ground, with the point of the lance is nothing unusual. He trains his horse to answer his call like a dog ; and, when on outpost-service, leaves it free to graze, provided the distance of the enemy permits of his doing so. When he wishes to mount, he simply whistles, and the faithful creature gallops up to him, like the most obedient spaniel.

As the Cossack finds the most insignificant things useful, he takes all that comes in his way, according to the rules of warfare, and places it between the blanket and the saddle ; his acquisitions thus increase the height of his saddle, in proportion to the length of his absence from home. This

singular mode of conveying his booty that often accumulates, until it is impossible for him to mount, has a very comical appearance. His horse, trained purposely, kneels down at his master's command, to allow him to mount, and quietly awaits the signal given with the kamtschuck to gallop away.

The cavalry attest the opulency of Russia as respects horses; for instance, I met the Radetzky Hussars on white chargers; then a lancer regiment on black, and the same with the artillery, every battery being drawn by horses of the same colour. Their appointments are excellent, their horses magnificent, and the conformity of their uniforms and accoutrements is observable in the minutest details. The cavalry regiments are composed of robust athletic men, full of life and energy. The infantry looked less healthy, and had a care-worn appearance, which was perhaps attributable to the extremely long and fatiguing marches made by these troops from the remotest parts of Russia.

The Russian is an excellent soldier, stands unmoved in the hottest fire, and endures every species of fatigue with the greatest equanimity.

My next station was Seibusch, a neat little town belonging to the Archduke Albrecht in the Car-

pathian Mountains, and surrounded by beautiful scenery.

The palace and grounds are very prettily situated, and we were not a little delighted to find the Regiment Deutchmeister on its way to join the Imperial troops in Hungary. I heartily shook by the hand many of the officers with whom I was personally acquainted, and an affectionate *Grüsse duh gott* was heard from all sides. The Regiment Deutchmeister, composed mostly of Viennese, is proverbial for wit, good humour, and gaiety. From them we heard, that the band would revive our drooping spirits by a few reminiscences of Strauss if we came to the Park, which we promised to do, and, an hour later, the Winschensdorf rebels had not recognised their enemy, in the officers standing in groups round the music, each relating his adventures, some of which were ludicrous enough; and, whenever a pause occurred in the orchestra, many a loud laugh was heard.

Some of our young officers had managed to make themselves smart enough, notwithstanding the various misfortunes that had already befallen our uniform, and impaired our general neat appear-

ance. They seemed quite to forget the imminent danger we had so lately escaped, in the sweet smiles lavished upon them by the fair beauties of Seibusch, and its vicinity, who appeared on the occasion. The sincere welcome we received at the hands of the inhabitants, who vied with each other in procuring every sort of comfort for us, as well as for the men, was truly gratifying.

Anxious to grant my harassed troops some rest, and give them time to repair their clothing, and appointments, which had already suffered lamentably, particularly the former, I remained two days, and then, after a considerable march, crossed the Hungarian frontier, for the second time, by Czaga, a Slavonian village situated in the Carpathian Mountains.

The rain was coming down in torrents, which did not improve our white uniforms. We found the mountain roads in a dreadful state, partly owing to the weather, but more particularly to the ingenuity of the insurgents, who had broken the road at short intervals, and, although the troops that had preceded us had evidently repaired it hastily, in order to facilitate their march, the way was yet bad enough. I encamped outside

Czaga, placed the necessary videttes, and our soldiers having lighted a fire, we sate round it, and commenced drawing on our provisions, but more particularly on the bottle-case, which I had taken care to fill with good wine in Seibusch, and, notwithstanding the rain and other disagreeables, we officers contrived to enjoy ourselves.

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more uncomfortable than to sit thoroughly drenched under a continual shower of rain, which threatened to put out the fire, at the side of which we had hoped if not to warm, at least to dry ourselves. But habit is everything—this was not our first bivouac, and we soon accustomed ourselves to this, as well as to other discomforts. He must indeed be a bad soldier who cannot content himself, when plentifully supplied with provisions, and this being the case with us there, we were gay, and sat over our mulled wine till late at night, enlivened by many a good story of olden times. Midnight was long past, ere I wrapped myself close by the camp-fire in my bunda, listening to the cry of our outposts as they challenged the patrol in their rounds through the sleepless night.

Towards morning, the rain having gradually ceased, we resumed our march, much refreshed, and consequently in high spirits, through the beautiful Kiszytha valley to Budatin, where we found the brigade of General Bario encamped, under whose command I was placed with my troops till further orders. General Baron Bario is a native of Hungary, full of energy and valour; he received me in the most friendly manner, reviewed my troops, and I then by his order encamped near the artillery.

Budatin, which lies at the confluence of the Kiszytha, and the Waag, is an insignificant village, belonging to Count Czaky, whose splendid castle and park are now laid waste. I might have looked with sadness at the ruin if I did not know that its owner a rebel, had himself in the month of November besieged it from the opposite shore, and destroyed the building when in possession of our troops. As the castle had been taken by the first battalion of our regiment under the command of Colonel F——n, some interesting details were furnished me by those of my fellow officers who were more fortunate than myself in being engaged in that action.

It was about four o'clock on the 10th of November, that Colonel F——n advanced, and attacked the enemy, who thought himself perfectly secure behind his entrenchments and fences. After some resistance, our battalion took possession of the castle, and forced the enemy to retreat across the wooden bridge which he set fire to, and then taking a firm position on the banks of the Waag, Count Czaky ordered the castle to be bombarded, sparing neither the grounds nor the building.

When our troops entered the interior of the castle, they found a table laid for forty, and a very sumptuous fare awaiting only the guests; it was evident that the enemy had intended sitting down to dinner when the attack commenced, and thus the proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good" was verified, for our troops, tired from the tedious march, and hungry after long fasting, sate down, and not even the occasional entry of a cannon-ball could disturb them in their occupation.

A suite of apartments splendidly furnished, were open, each bearing traces of the comforts so recently enjoyed. The folding-doors opening from one room into the other showed, here, an

open *escritoire*, a table strewn with papers, evidently the Count's study, some books, and a piano. My fellow officers assured me, that it was with a painful feeling they witnessed this wholesale destruction: one piece of splendid furniture after the other; here the painting of a Reubens, there, an *étagère* with *Sèvres* china shattered by cannonballs. The most elegantly-furnished apartment was the Countess's boudoir, which was completely destroyed by a grenade that made its way through a suite of rooms, burst there, and caused sad havoc; a beautiful framed looking glass, then several *étagères* containing valuable *rococo* ornaments, large expensive porcelain vases were in an instant shattered into a thousand pieces.

Our troops behaved admirably on this occasion, although the enemy's force consisted of four battalions and eight cannons, far superior to that at the command of our colonel, who had only four companies and three rockets; he yet drove them from their entrenchments, out of the castle, and forced them across the bridge, which, having been set fire to, and our troops being too inferior in number to pursue them further, Colonel F——n retired, and, in order to deceive the enemy, lighted

watch-fires in the immediate vicinity of the castle. This stratagem succeeded completely; cannon after cannon, rockets and grenades were sent into the deserted castle by its owner; whilst those for whom he intended the murderous balls were already far beyond their reach, and, at the distance of some English miles, still heard the roar of the cannon at Budatin. Colonel F——n retired to Jablunka, from whence he made a report stating the impossibility of following up the advantages he had gained, owing to the forces not being sufficient.

A brigade was then ordered to advance with a view to the security of the valuable gold and silver mines of Skemnity and Kremnity, which, lying in that direction, it became an object of importance to cover. Colonel F——n, attached to the brigade of General Baron Götz, then took an active part in the second attack on this castle in January, 1849, on which occasion it was burned to the ground after a bloody contest.

A high round tower and the four walls are the only remains of the once beautiful castle of Count Czaky. I ascended the tower, and in viewing the destruction around me, the unavoidable results of

civil warfare, an indescribable sadness stole over me, which was only dispelled by the view opening upon me suddenly, of the most beautiful mountain landscape, between which, and the spot where I stood, lay the valley of the Waag; and I must acknowledge, that the enchanting distance made me forget for a time, the scene of desolation in the foreground.

On the left bank of the Waag, opposite Budatin, lies Sillein, once a pretty little town, but which is now partly reduced to ashes, owing to a serious political difference on the part of the inhabitants.

To us the task of maintaining this important position was allotted, until the Russian division, under general Baron Saas, should have advanced sufficiently to relieve us, when we were to continue our march on the right bank of the Waag, and thus reach Presburg, to join the army operating under the immediate command of the Baron Haynau. During our stay in the camp of Budatin, we had the most magnificent weather, notwithstanding which, the cholera broke out in its worst form, and with fearful violence, carrying off our men with alarming rapidity. The devastation caused by this epidemic amongst our soldiery, and

the loss of some of our most valued comrades, acted depressingly on our spirits, which revived considerably, when a report was spread through the camp, that Cossacks, and most probably the advanced posts of the Russians who were to relieve us, were now in sight. The universal joy at this announcement bringing with it the hope that we should now leave the camp which had become a churchyard, cannot be described, and all hurried to the spot, from whence they had been seen, and true enough, in the direction of Ujfala, in the windings of the Kissutga valley, we distinguished two riders, whose well known, high-packed saddles, indicated the nature of the force that was approaching the camp.

It proved to be a Cossack Patrol sent with dispatches from general Baron Saas to general Baron Barco. On their approach, our soldiers gave a loud cheer, and all crowded round the Russians with a thousand questions, such as from whence they came, how far the Russian camp was distant, and so on? The opinion generally entertained of the Cossack is, that he comes immediately after the wild Indian, and has no idea of civilization; I therefore think I am bound in justice to

this gallant body to give an account of the following scene which may not prove uninteresting.

General Baron Barco being extremely curious to ascertain what degree of civilization these children of the Steppes had arrived at, invited both to dinner, placing one on his right and the other on his left. We had thus an opportunity of admiring the excellent manners, and good tact displayed by them, under, as every one must allow, rather trying circumstances, such a distinction having probably never yet been conferred on the Cossack Patrol.

During dinner, our General gave a toast to the Emperor Nicholas; the elder of the two Russian soldiers replied with a toast to our gracious Emperor, Francis Joseph, and, after a moment's reflection, proposed a second toast to the Austrian army. Both had been given in the most dignified manner, and with a degree of politeness that quite amazed us.

The only thing which seemed to embarrass them, was when the servants handed the coffee round, which they acknowledged never yet to have seen, and candidly confessed their ignorance as to how it should be taken, and it even-

tually ended in their drinking coffee and wine alternately. Cigars, too, were a subject of wonder to them, and on these two occasions only, their awkwardness elicited a smile from us, for, throughout the dinner, their demeanour was such that it might serve as a model to many a *soi-disant* gentleman.

The heat increasing with every day, was not calculated to render our bivouacs very agreeable; but, when at last the most exaggerated reports which reached us, to the effect that a large insurgent force, consisting of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, threatened to attack us in the rear and flank, compelled us to remain constantly under arms, the exposure to so hot a sun became almost intolerable. Alarming as the news was with respect to the enemy, we were yet excessively annoyed at his non-appearance, and as, notwithstanding all the measures adopted, for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of the foe, it seemed utterly impossible to obtain any certitude of his movements, I at last proposed to Count Mathew M——y, an Irishman, Major in the Second Light Cavalry, and a most distinguished officer, that we should undertake a reconnoitring

expedition for the benefit of the public in general, and our own in particular.

Having obtained the general's permission, we threw off our coats, waistcoats, and neckcloths, which would have been insupportable from their tight fit and warm texture, for the heat had attained an almost tropical degree of temperature, we took our forage caps and swords, mounted our horses, and galloped away. We rode for miles through the mountains, without seeing a soul; all was still, calm, and beautiful. At length, we descried a village, towards which we made, hoping to obtain some information, and with a view of allaying our thirst.

We were so strangely accoutred, so unlike Austrian officers in our *déshabille*, that the villagers (Sclavonians), did not know what to make of us, and, on our addressing them, were extremely cautious in answering, being evidently uncertain whether we were insurgents, or Imperialists. We had recourse to all the diplomacy at our command, and put such questions as we thought calculated to elicit some sort of decided answers with regard to the enemy's movements, but we were disappointed, for they replied with

either assumed, or real indifference, that they could give us no information. We then paid for our milk, which had been handed to us by a very pretty Sclavonian girl, whose dark eyes and long black tresses, as she stood before us, with all the pride of her race in her picturesque costume, we could not but admire, and, considerably refreshed, continued our route, until the setting sun compelled us to think of returning to the camp. We found the ascent of the mountains we had traversed, far easier than the descent which in some places was so steep that we dismounted, thinking it safer to lead our horses. More than once, however, we slipped some yards and our panting steeds after us.

At the foot of the mountain, we came upon an inviting little stream, which, bubbling past as clear as crystal, only made us feel the parching thirst we had endured for the last half hour more keenly. With the bridle on our arm, we stooped to take a reviving draught; our horses too, lowered their heads eagerly, and we threw ourselves on the bank of this little rivulet, to let them have a drink at their ease. Man and horse refreshed, we galloped gaily on, when sud-

denly we were accosted by the words "*Halt wer da!*"* Astonished, we looked to the elevated ground from whence the voice had spoken; it was one of our advanced posts, of whose existence we were not even aware, presenting his musket ready to fire the very next moment. "We are officers from the camp," was our hasty reply, for the soldier seemed bent on executing his duty to the letter, and shoot us on the spot, if we advanced, surveying us from head to foot with a glance that shewed he took us for insurgents, which was not astonishing, all things considered; for, in the first place, our appearance was not in our favour, and, secondly, we had left the camp from a different side. Having, however, assured himself that we rode towards the camp, and must really be officers, he suffered us to pass.

Our announcement that we had seen and heard nothing of the enemy, caused general disappointment, whilst we consoled ourselves with the splendid scenery which we had an opportunity of admiring during our lengthened ride, and certainly the view from the different heights we had ascended was magnificent. The delightful valley of the Waag

* Who goes there?

at our feet, the celebrated Turotzer and Rajetzer Pass, as awful as it is grand, in the foreground, here and there some fine old ruins, former mansions of the great, and remnants of the Rakoèzy times, together with the imposing majestic Carpathian mountains in the back-ground, made the picture a masterpiece of nature. In gazing on the beautiful country that lay before us, we regretted more deeply than ever to think that it would be laid waste by all the horrors of civil war.

Who has not heard of the prejudice that if thirteen sit down to dinner, one of the number is doomed to die within a year? Many I know believe in it firmly, others laugh at it without venturing to pronounce an opinion as to which party he thinks the more sensible of the two; I shall simply state a fact that occurred.

Shortly after my arrival at Budatin, I was asked to dine at General Baron Barcos. We had all taken our seats, when one of the gentlemen remarked that we were thirteen, and alluded to the superstition that one of the number would die before the year was out. "Well, then," I replied with a smile, "I shall probably be the victim, having sate down last."

This gave rise to numerous anecdotes and jokes all referring to that superstition, and none laughed more heartily than Lieutenant-Colonel Keller, an universal favourite. The subject dropped at last, our good stories on that head being exhausted, and we soon forgot all about it in the more serious topic of future events. Three days afterwards, the cholera made its appearance, and the first victim was poor Lieutenant-Colonel Keller. Those who had been present, and believed in that prejudice, were not a little awed by this singular and sad coincidence.

Our days passed monotonously enough, and we should very soon have got heartily tired of our mode of life, if the soldiers had not afforded us some amusement. I often wondered at the extraordinary good spirits of my men, who, notwithstanding that the cholera thinned their ranks with fearful rapidity, yet originated fresh games every day, which never failed to attract the greater part of the camp. The soldiers of my division particularly, had made themselves conspicuous by the novelty of their inventions, and every evening, when the excessive heat had somewhat decreased, numbers were in the habit of meeting.

The most boisterous shouts of laughter were always heard when a game called "Fenhsprellen," for which the English denomination is blanket tossing, was going on ; it consists in this : four men each hold a corner of a strong blanket, upon which they place a man—and, by stretching the blanket, very quickly toss him into the air, and catch him alternately, whilst he makes the most comical and ludicrous gesticulations in his ascent.

One day, a very pretty girl unfortunately entered the circle to look on. She was immediately caught and thrown into the blanket, notwithstanding her protestations. I never remember to have laughed so much as when she suddenly appeared in the air, exhibiting the funniest attitudes, and screaming lustily. The soldiers only gave her one toss, and then very gallantly thanked her, hoping she would honour them another time with her presence. But she went away with a pouting lip and a toss of the head, and the next time took care not to enter the circle.

On other occasions, they amused themselves with caricature-representations of men on horse-back. One would appear disguised as a stork, another as an elephant ; in fact, all descriptions of

animals appeared on the stage, one more ludicrous than another. Then, a soldier would dress as a Staff Officer with a wooden sword, a sash, and plume of straw, pretending to survey recruits, who, of course, did every thing wrong purposely, upon which the *soi-disant* General became very angry and scolded his aide-de-camp, mounted in the same fashion as himself. When the General's ire would be at its height, his mutinous horse invariably threw him off to the delight of the recruits.

Thus the evening passed; at dusk, the soldiers tired, sat round the bivouac-fire; shouts of laughter still met our ears; whilst others sang their plaintive native airs with so much feeling that we officers often listened till midnight, seated round a bright blaze, and waiting for the water to boil, that we might make our chai. We often remarked how many of the performers that mingled in the chorus might have become first-rate singers, if their talent were cultivated.

This innate taste for music is found with the Austrian as well as the Bohemian soldiers, and singing being their favourite pastime, they become self-taught artists.

I was quite astonished on one of the evenings that I spent with a friend of mine, Baron K——r, major of Kaiser Ferdinand's Chevaux Legers, to hear his soldiers, who were all Austrians, juggling* forth their national airs, in imitation of the Tyroleans, who possess that art to perfection. One of his men, too, who had never been instructed in music, most successfully composed a song in honour of Count Schlick, who it is well known, is adored by the army, and sang it amidst the cheers of his comrades. It was a gay life after all, and we should have enjoyed many a happy hour were it not for that dreadful epidemic, which often appeared so unexpectedly, that the gay song was interrupted by the ghastly visitor, and perhaps, before morning dawned, those who had been gayest that evening lay in a cold grave. There was scarcely a day when thirty or forty did not fall victims to the cholera.

On the 9th of June, I received an order to quit the camp at Budatin with my division, and march along the right bank of the Waag by Presburg to Kroatich Kimling, where I

* A peculiar way of singing.

should find my regiment. I therefore broke up the next morning, the 10th of June, after having been inspected by General Baron Barco, who with many others of the staff, accompanied me part of the way. It was natural that a tinge of sadness should steal over us on leaving the camp, for how many of the dear friends I parted from now might I miss on our next meeting with the same corps! But the soldier may not indulge in those feelings—he may have no home, no hearth, no tie that binds him whilst the sword is unsheathed. The weather was most favourable, and we therefore marched cheerfully towards our new destination.

The valley of the Waag, through which the river of that name flows, on its descent from the Carpathian Mountains, is replete with scenery which may vie for romantic splendour with any other in Europe. The beauties of nature are much enhanced by the majestic old ruins and well preserved castles, belonging to various Hungarian magnates, which look down from their lofty mountain fastnesses upon the fertile vale beneath, and I should be very much inclined to think that the luxuriant vegetation, the

delightful climate, and variety of magnificent scenery, render this by far, the most attractive spot in the beautiful Magyar land. A succession of neat towns, villages, and chateaux on either bank of the Waag, give this landscape an additional charm, and nothing reminds one there of Hungary's misery.

CHAPTER VI.

Bicse—Trentschin—General Baron Benedek—Ruins of Trentschin—The Drathbinders—Their Habits, Manners, and Customs—Arrival at Tyrnau—Feldzeugmeister Baron Haynau—An agreeable Surprise—Gorgey's attempt to break through the line of the Waag—Pered and Kiraly-New are taken by our troops—The enemy's retreat to Negged—March to Presburg, and thence to Altendorf—F. M. S. Count Schlick—I join my regiment at Croatich Kimling.

At eleven o'clock, I reached Bicse, a neat little town, where I was well received and obtained good quarters for the soldiers. I left early the next morning, and found this one of the most troublesome marches I had yet encountered, for my troops were so completely exhausted from the excessive heat, and lengthened march, that they could scarcely go farther, and consequently I was obliged to halt at Horaly. The next day, I arrived at Trentschin, situated on the left bank of

the Waag ; having quartered my troops in an adjoining village, there being no room in the town itself, which was occupied by the brigade of General Benedek.

I rode to Trentschin for the purpose of reporting myself to that General, whom I had the honour of knowing, when in Italy some twelve years ago. I found him at dinner with several officers of distinction, many of whom were old acquaintances of mine, and the General very kindly invited me to join him. I had then to give him an account of all we had done, with which he expressed his entire satisfaction. I shall not easily forget the pleasant hours I passed. That evening, I went with Lieutenant Count N——s, one of my officers, to visit the fine old ruins of Trentschin, which offered an extensive and magnificent view of the country around. We remained there until nearly ten o'clock, and then returned to our quarters—an hour's drive from the town.

Trentschin is one of the largest and finest towns on the banks of the Waag ; I cannot quit it without saying a few words respecting it. Extremely neat, it bears the stamp of opulence, to which the mineral springs in its immediate vicinity greatly

contribute, being much visited during the summer by strangers.

The population of the Trentschin *Comitat** are Slavonians, and it is this district which furnishes that class of travelling tinkers so well known throughout the Austrian empire, and even in the remotest parts of Germany under the name of "*Drathbinders*," of whom many a sad tale, many a legend is told, replete with romantic incidents. They have a peculiar trade of their own, which no other class thinks of interfering with, and they earn their subsistence chiefly, by making mouse-traps, and other articles for domestic use, as well as by mending pots and earthenware, which they bind together with wire in a most ingenious manner.

Their costume is extremely becoming their dark and generally handsome eastern features. It is quite simple, and made of the coarsest materials. Narrow white cloth trousers come down tight at the ankle, and are fastened around the waist by a leather belt; their upper garment is a *cunya*, a sort of wide blouse rather short, made of the

* Signifies county, or shire.

commonest brown cloth, which is thrown over their right shoulder, and comports well with the wide shirt sleeves underneath. This whole garment being cut in one piece somewhat resembles in form the Spanish poncho, having no seam or hem, except on the sleeves. These tinkers wear a very broad-brimmed hat, in the sombrero style, excepting that the crown is lower, and the brim considerably deeper. They wear no shoes but sandals instead. The ribbons, which are crossed several times, meet the trousers under his cunya. He carries a little black box, containing his working implements, and his staff is a good-sized stick, with a hammer, which thus serves two purposes. His long black hair streams round his shoulders and is well greased with lard, which gives it a peculiarly rich gloss.

It seems astonishing that the population of so luxuriant a part of the country, are compelled to leave their homes, and seek subsistence in other lands. But this sect of Slavonians, although belonging to the Trentschin Comitatus, are not inhabitants of the valley itself, but come from the Carpathian Mountain district, which is thickly populated, and where vegetation, being scanty,

the productions of the country are quite insufficient to sustain them. The male population therefore, mostly leave their homes, to which they are extremely attached, at the early age of nine or ten, with nothing but a parent's blessing, a piece of bread, and the implements necessary for carrying on their trade, and return, after some years, to their homes, for which they evince a touching attachment, with a sufficient sum of money to buy a small house, with an acre or two of land. They then generally marry, and the father's implements are transferred in due time, to the son who, in turn, pursues a similar career.

To see these people wander through the large towns, sometimes in the heat of summer, scarcely able to drag their tired limbs, with no roof but the sky, no bed but the open fields, begging in such touching tones for a penny, one would scarcely suspect that his leather pouch is filled with silver coin. Often, too, in winter, I have seen them sitting in their tattered garments by the roadside, trembling with cold, asking assistance with chattering teeth; and I know more than one instance, when those poor boys were found frozen to death; yet they willingly suffer every

kind of privation, until they have saved money enough to live comfortably at home; and their habits being extremely frugal, they generally succeed in their object, notwithstanding the apparently unpromising nature of their trade.

In travelling through a district inhabited by these people, and having always felt an interest in their condition, I made many enquiries relative to their habits, and found that although some few are never more heard of, the greater part, however, return with a sufficient sum to live the rest of their days in comfort.

At five o'clock, we left Trentschin for Uhely, where we arrived about twelve, after a tedious march, and obtained excellent quarters. The next morning, just as we were about to proceed on our march, a sergeant announced that some twenty men had been suddenly attacked with all the symptoms of cholera. I immediately repaired to their different quarters, and was horror-struck to find them quite discoloured, and already so disfigured, that I could scarcely have recognised them. Sad to say, not one out of the twenty recovered, and we set out on our march in very low spirits, having been obliged to leave our dying soldiers behind.

My next station was Tyrnau, the head-quarters of the reserve of the third corps d'armée, consisting of several battalions of Grenadiers and Reserve Artillery. These, with General Herzinger, were under the command of F. M. L. Baron Wohlge-muth, who ordered that my troops should have a day's rest, which was absolutely necessary, for I had eighty-three men on the sick list.

In the course of the afternoon, Baron Haynau, who had been nominated to the chief command of the army in Hungary, arrived unexpectedly at Tyrnau, and having reviewed the troops left immediately. I was not a little astonished to meet an old friend in his Adjutant-General, Lieutenant Colonel Pokomy, with whom I had been quartered in Milan many years before. We were all delighted to have had an opportunity of seeing our Commander-in-Chief, whose heroic deeds in Italy had won for him the esteem of the entire Austrian army. F. M. L. Baron Haynau is tall, his fine military bearing, his keen eye, and expressive features, show him at once to be the man for his post, whilst his determined character, energy, and valour, as well as his unflinching ardour, well fit him to grapple with the difficulties of the present

moment, and his military abilities which he displayed so gloriously in Italy, could not but instil confidence into those who had the honour of serving under him.

Towards evening, we joined the officers garrisoned at Tyrnau at a coffee-house, and once again smoked cigars, determined to enjoy in comfort the present moment, which it is always advisable for a soldier to do if he can, when we were suddenly reminded of a future by a distant cannonade. We sprang from our seats; half an hour later, the garrison of Tyrnau, with the exception of one battalion of Grenadiers, marched to join the third corps, which, with the Russian Division Panintin, received orders to repel Gorgey, who was advancing with a considerable force, and intended breaking through the line of the Waag, to strike a decisive blow at the very heart of the empire, by marching upon Vienna, with the hope of bringing the civil war to a speedy and successful termination.

This sudden approach had been accomplished by the following means. The insurgents had succeeded in constructing a bridge across the Waag by Negged and Serekol on the 14th of

June, and concentrated a considerable force at the latter place, with the intention of crossing to the right bank of the Waag. General Pott, who guarded the Waa from Selly downwards, seeing himself threatened, was obliged to retreat, and rallied his brigade at Zsigard.

In the meantime, F. M. L. Wohlgemuth had ordered the Brigade Herzinger, and two battalions of Grenadiers, a six-pounder, and half a battery of horse artillery, together with three squadrons of Auersperg Cuirassiers of the brigade Theisinger moved up from Galaatha, to march by as reinforcement to General Pott.

These troops appeared at Pered on the 16th, at the precise moment when a superior force of the enemy attacked General Pott; but the well-directed advance of General Herzinger, and two skilful attacks under the command of Major Count Coredenhove, compelled the enemy to retreat, and General Pott, secure now from a flank movement of the enemy, succeeded in repelling him towards Serek Alrol, after an obstinate action.

On the 17th, the enemy had finished the bridge at Negged and received reinforcements. F. M. L. Wohlgemuth then ordered the second half of the

Brigade Theisinger to reinforce General Herzinger in Pered. But the enemy was still too strong to permit an attack, since our troops were threatened in the flank and rear from Serek Akol.

On the 19th, the Russian division Panintin advanced to Wartberg, to assist the reserve corps.

On the 20th, General Pott was attacked in Zsigard by ten battalions cavalry and battery ; but, unable to cope with the enemy, owing to his numerical superiority, the Brigade Pott was compelled to retreat by Deaky, and the Brigade Theisinger by Szelly, whereupon the enemy took possession of Pered. F. M. L. Wohlgemuth, unable to give further reinforcement, as it was most important that the Waag by Freystadt should be defended to the last, applied therefore to the Imperial Russian division for active assistance ; upon which General Panintin offered to place his whole division on the line, at the disposal of F. M. L. Wohlgemuth, and advanced the same evening with one Rifle regiment to Hidas-Kürth, and three regiments and three batteries to Taksaney, whereupon the Brigade Theisinger was enabled to advance to A-Szelly.

On the 21st, at five o'clock in the morning, a

general advance commenced, and General Herzinger, with the brigade Theisinger, advanced, in the first line, and the Russian Briansk Rifle Regiment in the second. The Auersperg Cuirassiers in the left flank towards A-Szelly. The chief column was composed of the main body of the Russian division consisting of eight battalions, two batteries with a reserve corps of four battalions and one battery. To the right, one division of Avellart Lancers; to the left, the Emperor Ferdinand Cuirassiers; and, towards Deaki, on the extreme left wing, stood the brigade Perin.

Thus the Russian division formed the centre, and A-Szelly was then evacuated by the enemy, who not accepting battle, retired to Kiraly-new and Pered, between which latter place and Deaki, the enemy took up a position.

The action then commenced in the centre, by which the enemy was thrown back into the village, whilst the twenty-four batteries of artillery placed in the front line with extreme skill, by General Panintin, broke through the left wing of the enemy. The brigade Pott and Perin compelled the right wing to retreat, and a successful charge made by a division of Avellart Lancers and a section of

Lichtenstein Cheveaux Legers, drove the foe from the little wood by Szelly. Two not less brilliant attacks were made under the command of General Baron Lederer, who was placed on the right wing of General Panintin, assisted by two battalions, and four batteries of the Russian division. On this occasion, the two batteries under the command of Ensign B——f of the Russian artillery, placed at the disposal of our cavalry, distinguished themselves most signally.

The enemy then retired to Pered, and General Herzinger, advanced to Kiraly-new, ordered the brigade Theisinger to take it by storm, for which purpose one regiment of infantry and two divisions of cuirassiers were detached towards Pered, whilst General Panintin advanced with two battalions, and two batteries belonging to the reserve, to storm Pered. The attack, made with steadiness and precision, dislodged the enemy. But the insurgents had entrenched themselves by the church in Pered, and a bloody conflict ensued which was soon decided by the rapid advance of the brigades Pott and Perin, whereupon the enemy was compelled to retreat towards Zsigard, and we captured four batteries.

The insurgents, thrown back, turned with great force towards the brigade Theisinger, which was then obliged to retire, until General Panintin, informed of the dangerous position of the corps, sent the Russian Rifle regiment, which had previously been assigned to General Herzinger, to General Theisinger, who, thus reinforced, was enabled to take Kiraly-new, after a short resistance, and the enemy retired to Sereg-Akol. After the capture of Pered, the insurgents fell back upon Zsigard, where they again took up a position; but attacked by the brigades Pott and Perin, and threatened in the rear and flank by the Russian troops, under Panintin, they were compelled to retreat towards Negged. Night having set in, the enemy took advantage of it, and effected his passage across the Waag.

On the 22nd, no enemy stood between the Waag and the arm of the Danube at Neuhäusler.

If Gorgey intended breaking through the line of the Waag, because F. Z. M. Baron Haynau had ordered a part of the army from the left bank of the Danube to cross to the right, the forces which he opposed to the Austro-Russian troops that had remained behind, were unable to cope

with our numerical superiority; nor could their valour or perseverance be compared to that so gloriously evinced by the Imperial allied armies on those two days.

But if, on the other hand, the insurgents merely intended this attack to cover their project of bringing the main body of the troops to the right bank of the Danube, they might have accomplished their object with comparatively insignificant loss by employing a force of inferior strength. Be this as it may, it was universally admitted that the dispositions of the Generals Wohlgemuth and Panintin were made with sagacity, and evinced great ability, whilst their orders were executed with the utmost valour, devotion, and calm precision by the troops engaged. Gorgey had thus received an undeniable proof of the spirit which animated the Austrian troops under such eminent leaders; as well as that Russian aid, which was still considered a fiction by many, had become a fact.

The battle was over, and I was on the point of seeking some repose after my fatigues, when a corporal interrupted me by the announcement, that my immediate attendance was requested in

the General's office. Arrived there, I received an order to start with my division at four o'clock in the morning, for Presburg by railroad, and make the necessary arrangements at once, that the proper number of waggons might be in readiness at that hour.

As this railroad is worked by horses, its speed is not the most rapid; notwithstanding which we were only too glad to be forwarded thus slowly, in preference to marching under the influence of a scorching Hungarian sun. We reached Presburg, the head-quarters of the operating army, by ten o'clock, and were quartered in the town, without having been inspected. The lively and gay aspect of the place made a most pleasing impression on us, and we were astonished to find the promenades crowded, a great show of rank and beauty in the theatre, and the hotels filled with strangers. In fact, we considered Presburg the faux-burg of Vienna, and the focus of pleasure; for, with the exception of the many persons in uniform hurrying through the streets, there was nothing to remind any one of his proximity to the seat of war. We regretted that our stay was of such short duration, being obliged to leave the next

morning to continue our march to Croatish Kimling, a village behind Wieseldorf, close to the little arm of the Danube where my regiment was encamped.

The heat on the 21st of June was so excessive, that I was glad to reach ^{Leip}Altendorf, my first station, the head-quarters of the first corps d'armée so early as seven o'clock. I drew up my troops in the square, to be inspected by Count Schlick, General of the Cavalry and Commandant of the 1st corps d'armée, with whom I had the honour of being personally acquainted. He appeared almost immediately, and was greeted with an enthusiastic *vivat* by my troops, who had been under his command in Gallicia, and idolized him. He had succeeded F. M. L. Count Castiglioni as our Commander-in-Chief in Cracow, previously to his obtaining the appointment in Hungary, and had won the hearts of the troops under his command by his general and almost parental kindness towards them.

Accomplished as a gentleman, a chivalrous soldier, a generous enemy, and a warm friend, we officers adored him, and were delighted to

find that our regiment would now serve again under him.

Pleased with the warm reception, and touched by the loud and prolonged cheers, testifying to the affection of the soldiers who gazed with pride on the fine military figure of their handsome leader, he extended his hand to me, and saluted my corps with the assurance that he was not less pleased than they to be once more their commandant. My troops obtained a day's rest, deemed necessary after the many fatigues they had undergone, and, an hour after, they were comfortably established in quarters, and busy in repairing their uniforms and accoutrements, which suffered lamentably, whilst I proceeded to wait upon Count Schlick, who had kindly invited me to breakfast and dine with him. How delightful I thought my bed that night, after four weeks' bivouacking! I left Altenburg the next day for Croatish Kimling, and had the pleasure of being received with loud hurrahs on reaching the plain where my regiment had encamped.

I shall never forget the joy I experienced on my arrival at the camp, where all my fellow officers, who, having long since given me up for lost,

pressed round me with congratulations. How much we had to relate mutually ; but then there came a sad moment, too, for many a friend whom I asked for, was no more ; this unhappy civil war having already deprived us of several cheerful companions and excellent soldiers.

Our regiment received orders to remain encamped at Croatish Kimling, until the concentration of the main army under the immediate command of the Fieldzeug Meister Baron Haynau had been accomplished. The soldiers, therefore, built huts of clay for our abode ; those of my company, however, made it a point of honour, that I should have one of the best, and I was not a little surprised at the skill and expedition which they evinced on the occasion. They dug a square of four yards and four feet in depth, and having made the walls of the clay thus obtained, thatched it with rush, and had also contrived to find room for a window and wooden staircase.

Whilst they were busily employed in erecting this hut, my carpenter supplied me with a stretcher, a table, and a bench. I was thus most comfortably lodged in my house before evening, and

have often since thought that many an Irish peasant would not object to change quarters with me.

During our stay in the camp, we had to furnish the outpost service, our regiment forming the advanced guard of the brigade, which duty fell to me every second day ; nevertheless, unmolested by the enemy, we enjoyed many a happy hour, and my hut, called the Palais of the camp, was often the *point de réunion* of my comrades.

At length the 27th of June arrived, and with it an order to prepare for marching, as his Majesty the Emperor, accompanied by the Prime Minister F. M. L. Prince Schwarzenberg, was expected in the imperial camp every day, having expressed his intention to distribute some medals, after which, operations were to commence on the part of the Austrian Army.

The unexpected arrival of our youthful and chivalrous Sovereign, worshipped by the army, had an electric effect on all, and was received with an enthusiasm that baffles description. But when it became known that the hostilities were about to be renewed under the auspices of the Emperor, thundering cheers rent the air, pro-

missing success to our arms and defeat to the enemy.

Previously to entering upon a narrative of the operations, which may be described as one triumphal march from Raab to Temeswar, I shall bestow a glance on the position of the insurgent army. When the 20,000 men placed under Dembinski to cover the Carpathian cliffs, retreated towards Pesth, being threatened by the Russians, the principal insurgent forces, which it was estimated amounted to 100,000 men, stood, with the exception of a corps of 12,000, who occupied the Marmarosch, and 25,000 left for the protection of Transylvania, ready to be employed on the Danube and Theis. This considerable body of troops could be concentrated for any operation without delay, or difficulty. Although the insurgents were certainly far behind the allied armies in point of numbers and capacity, yet they had the advantage of being able to operate in the centre, and in combination against two armies separated by a great distance from each other.

This advantage was, however, counterbalanced by the want of a good plan, and the absence of the necessary authority on the part of the insur-

gent chiefs, to carry their design into execution, which, together with the vain delusion that Russia would not interfere by force of arms, and finally, the differences between Kossuth, who wished to make the Polish generals leaders, and Gorgey's army, who, devoted to their general, would not hear of his deposition, all tended to paralyze the power of the insurgents at that time.

Thus, while the main body of the Russian army on one side, stood already at Cashau, with the advanced guard on the Sajo, and the Austrian army on the other, had concentrated her forces on the right bank of the Danube, advancing rapidly towards Raab and Comorn; the forces of the insurgent army were still without a plan, and lay extended from the Waag, by Comorn to Temeswar, on a cross line intersecting the Danube and Theis; 40,000 men under Gorgey, stood on the Waag, and the left bank of the Danube; 20,000 men under Klapka, were in Raab; 35,000 men, under Guyon and Perezel, round Szegedin and Theresiopel; 50,000 men on the Palaton lake, and by Foldvar, under Aulich; 18,000 men, under Vetter and Gaal,

around Temeswar and Arad ; 20,000 men, under Dembinski, between Szolnok, Alberti, and Pesth, formed this line.

It was evident that the closer the allied armies approached each other by their mutual advance, the more ruinous must the result prove to the cause of the insurgents ; but notwithstanding their imminent danger, they tarried too long in changing their position, from the motives referred to above, and it was not until the eleventh hour, that the insurgents attempted a concentration of their forces, but it was too late, and the operation being carelessly attempted, eventually failed.

This mistake may be said to have decided the campaign. The insurgents, divided into two parts, were forced across the Theis in divergent directions, and, by the combined approach of the allied armies towards Grosswardein and Temeswar, were dispersed, or compelled to surrender.

The operations of the allied armies were, therefore, directed to three grand movements. Firstly, the convergent operations by Kuschace and Raab, towards Waitzen and Ofen, from the 26th June to 19th July, which brought about the

dispersion of the insurgent army. Secondly, the operations from the 19th July till the 2nd of August, effected with the view to drive back the separated insurgent divisions across the Theis, where the Russian Commander-in-Chief became the *point d'appui* of the operations, and having taken a position on the road from Miskoley to Hatwan, and forced the passage by Thissatured and Esegg, compelled Gorgey, stationed in the north, to retreat towards Tokay, which rendered it practicable for the Austrian Army to march on Szegedin. Thirdly, the operations from the 2nd to the 10th August, when both main armies advanced in a concentric line towards Arad, by Grosswardein, and Temeswar, forcing the insurgent army back to the Marosch valley, where, pressed by General Luders, who advanced from Transylvania, they were compelled to surrender in different directions.

The insurgent army consisted of 20 battalions of disciplined troops, 117 battalions of Honveds, 16 cavalry regiments, and numerous legions of foreign adventurers, German democrats, and Polish revolutionary heroes, about 800 cannons. On the whole, it may be estimated at 190,000

men of all arms, without including the Landsturm.

Their artillery was good, and well supplied in masses; the Hussars were well paid and fanaticized, and, although full of energy, and at all times ready to fight, without discipline or perseverance in action. The infantry were in good practice by six months' active service, and spurred on by the conquests gained during that period.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival of the Emperor at the Camp—Distribution of Medals—Position of the Allied Armies, and of the Insurgent Forces—Strength of the Insurgent Army—The Chaplain's blessing—Battle of Raab—The Austrians occupy the outposts of St. Iwan—A Visit to the Village March towards Göngös—Camp at St. Janos—Battle under the walls of Comorn—Occupation of the wood between Acs and Comorn—Position of the Troops—A Brother's Revenge—The Soldier's Death-bed—The cholera—Battle of Acs—Lieutenant Colonel B—— wounded—The Author has a narrow escape—He takes the command of the Battalion—Another Miraculous Escape—Dreadful fate of a Corporal—Death of Lieutenant O—— Bravery of the Austrian Troops—Feelings of the Army towards his Majesty—The Insurgent Leaders' last remedy to revive the ardour of their Troops—Death of an Officer in the Emperor's suite—His Majesty's Aid-de-camp is wounded.

LET us now return to the Camp. About ten o'clock on the 27th June a distant *vivat*, heard from the remotest part of the camp, announced

the arrival of the Emperor; his Majesty, greeted with an enthusiasm and warmth that testified to the deep affection and steadfast loyalty of the troops, passed us in review, and with a smile on his youthful countenance, advanced to distribute the medals which he fastened with his own hand on the breast of the distinguished warriors, addressing a few kind words to each. Deafening cheers announced the completion of this ceremony, and the troops advanced rapidly amidst thundering hurrahs.

We marched on to Hochstrass, in pursuit of the enemy, who retreated before us as rapidly as we advanced and retired behind the well-fortified entrenchments of Raab. We then encamped, and I with my division, was ordered on outpost service, which this time proved no light duty. The excessive heat of the day and the closeness of the night, only increased the fatigue incurred by the march. Repose was out of the question, for two reasons; firstly, the immediate vicinity of the enemy, and the million of mosquitoes by which we were continually tormented during the entire campaign. The unfortunate individual who was imprudent enough to throw himself on the ground

and to fall asleep, without covering his face and hands, was certain to wake up a living martyr, whom none could recognise from the state in which these terrible insects had left him.

In the mean time, the insurgent leaders Klapka, and Pöltenberg, had taken up a position before Raab, and occupied the bastion. To attack the enemy and drive him towards Comorn, was the work of the 28th June, and at an early hour in the morning, all prepared for the unavoidable battle. Encouraged by the presence of the Emperor, the regiments hastened to occupy their different positions, and joy lit up the soldier's eye, for he remembered that his sovereign had come to share the danger with him, and all impatiently awaited the signal for a general advance.

It came at last,—the gun-fire so anxiously expected,—and when its solemn sound had passed away, there was a dead silence; and then the horses neighed, the drums were beaten, and all went forward with impetuous speed. But at that instant, when all hearts beat high, with dreams of glory and ambition, forgetting quite, that if the thousands who were now hurrying on, many would not return to speak of triumph or defeat, neither

of which can soothe the widow's broken heart, the mother's anguish and the orphan's tear ;—the chaplain of our regiment stepped forward, and, after a short address, gave us his blessing. I shall never forget the solemnity of that moment, and the religious feeling which it inspired will remain deeply engraven on my memory. Thousands of warriors knelt down in the midst of the turmoil of war, and made the sign of the cross with uncovered heads and deep devotion. After a short prayer had been murmured in haste, to invoke a blessing from the heavenly Father of all, the entire line rushed forward to the battle-field with an enthusiasm which proved that each felt himself a hero, and would gladly at that moment have staked his life to realize the hopes our chiefs had infused amongst us. The battle shortly became general on all points, and the troops crowded forward in double-quick step. The cannon's roar was mingled with the tones of some gay march, when suddenly loud and prolonged cheers reached us from the banks below. Then there came the trampling of horses,—it was our youthful Emperor who passed us, borne swiftly on by his gallant steed to fight in the foremost ranks. The enthu-

siasm had reached its height, and the thundering hurrah of a devoted army accompanied the chivalrous monarch to the field as he rode past us.

The first, third, and reserve corps d'armée advanced to the attack on Raab. The Russian army division Panintin and the cavalry division F. M. L. Recthold remained by Leyden and Svenyhaga as reserve. F. M. L. Count Schlick, under whose command I was advanced on the high road towards Abda, in order to force the passage across the Rabnitz, whilst F. M. L. Wohlgemuth, in command of the reserve corps, with the Brigade Benedek, as *avant garde*, advanced, simultaneously repelling the enemy on the road by Sesvar on the left bank of the Rabnitz, and moved forward towards Raab.

By this movement, the enemy standing at the Abda bridge, being threatened in the rear, destroyed the bridge by fire, and retired behind the entrenchments. Both corps d'armée now advanced to the attack on the fortifications of Raab. The enemy offered resistance, but the bravery of the troops, together with the effective fire of the artillery, and particularly the well-timed advance of the third corps d'armée and

the Brigade Schneider threatening the left flank of the enemy, compelled Klapka to abandon Raab, and to retire towards Acs, the more particularly since the assistance promised him by Gorgey was not forthcoming.

In the meantime, the third corps d'armée and the leading brigade Gerstner, had both crossed the Raab on the 27th, the former by Apras, the latter by Magato, whilst the detached Brigade Schneider, had effected the passage by Bodonghelz the day before. The latter encountered the enemy at Csonok, took the strongly-occupied village by assault, and put the insurgents to flight, on which occasion the third division of Kaiser Uhlmen* attached to the brigade distinguished themselves most signally. In this affair a mortar and an ammunition-waggon were taken from the insurgents. The main body of this corps, under the command of F. M. L. Mottke, encountered the enemy on the road from Teth to Tengò, and an action was fought, which ended in the retreat of the insurgents.

Our noble-minded and chivalrous sovereign at the head of the Infantry, led us on to the first

* Lancers.

assault on the suburb of Raab. Need it be said, that, burning with hopes of a glorious future, we followed him with impetuosity, heedless of the cannon-balls that passed us, and Raab was taken in the midst of enthusiastic cheers, so loud, that they drowned the deep thunder-peal, which laid low many a brave soldier.

The battle of Raab was a hot one on both sides : both armies fought with exasperation and bravery. The Hungarian artillery stood its ground with intrepidity and valour, and only forsook their positions when they found themselves threatened both in flank and rear. In one single bulwark we found twenty-seven horses, and as many dead cannoneers, which gave proof of the perseverance and obstinacy evinced by the insurgent artillery on that day.

The cannon's roar was silenced, the dead at peace ; and, amidst the cheering tones of the Radetzki march, and the national anthem, with our gallant sovereign at our head, we marched through the streets of Raab. No shot was fired on the conquering troops, but the black and yellow flags, and the flag of truce were exhibited

from the windows, while laurel-wreaths and garlands of flowers fell at our feet.

The enemy had withdrawn in the direction of Comorn, and our brigade received orders to pursue him and occupy the outposts of St. Ivan. We therefore only marched through Raab, outside the town; the cannonade began again, and we hurried without rest till midnight in pursuit of the enemy; and, after short hot actions with the rear-guard of the insurgents, we reached St. Ivan, and occupied the advanced posts, and that without having taken any nourishment since morning. It was therefore natural that we should feel exhausted, the more so, as we had been only relieved that morning from outpost service, and had undergone eighteen hours' uninterrupted fatigue since. I would gladly have thrown myself on the ground to obtain one hour's sleep, though this was a luxury at the time unattainable.

Hungry and weary, I was looking forward with no small degree of pleasure, to the arrival of my servant, who was in care of my horses, and of the carriage containing my provisions, when I discovered, to my great annoyance, that he had remained behind Raab, with the baggage when the

general advance commenced, and could not possibly find me out, or even make his way in, at that hour of the pitchdark night. For once I was inconsolable; the recollection of my delicious ham and good wine, which would have revived my exhausted spirits, was most tantalizing. Unfortunately, too, the rain came down in torrents, and drenched me to the skin, my only clothing consisting of a light white uniform, which I could not change, as my baggage remained behind. However, "*Il faut faire bonne mine a mauvais jeu.*" I therefore sate by the crackling watchfire, and joyfully accepted a piece of black bread offered me by one of my soldiers, but which I must acknowledge, being somewhat dry, and uncommonly stale, I found great difficulty in masticating, notwithstanding my ravenous hunger.

At dawn of day, I repaired to the village, which was about 200 paces from our camp, in the hope of finding something to satisfy my craving hunger and quench my thirst, but I soon ascertained that my comrades and soldiers, who had probably searched the village long before day-break for the same purpose, had not left anything for us, whose misfortunes they forgot in their own.

The inhabitants, partly Sclavonians and partly Magyars, had fled from the village, some through fear, others through patriotism, and having carefully taken all their property with them, most of their houses were deserted, but I was delighted to find in one an empty pot, in which I could make some chocolate for my breakfast, having taken the precaution of carrying a supply of this article in my leather pouch. I therefore boiled it in water, and poor as it was, without either milk or sugar, relished it exceedingly ; nor do I remember ever to have enjoyed anything so much as that cup of chocolate, after a twenty hours' fast and a thorough drenching. I never afterwards neglected to provide myself with it, and it often rendered me essential service, furnishing as it constantly did my only meal.

I had scarcely finished my frugal breakfast, when we renewed our march towards Góngôs in battle array, and reached St. Janos about two o'clock, without having met with the enemy. The baggage had, in the meantime, overtaken us, and the soldiers were soon busy in taking out the pots to cook their dinner. We had received orders to remain at St. Janos till the next morning. The

afternoon was therefore devoted to the general repair of uniforms and accoutrements, and needles were as busy that day as swords had been at the battle of Raab.

I threw myself under a rick of straw, which afforded an agreeable shelter from the scorching sun, and commenced a letter to one who was undoubtedly in anxiety about me, when some distant cheers excited my curiosity; and, on inquiry, I found that an estafette had arrived from his Majesty, with the order of Maria Theresa for our beloved commandant, F. M. L. Count Schlick, which had been awarded to him for his distinguished services at Kaschau. I hurried in all haste to the general's tent to offer my congratulations, where I found most of the officers assembled. Even the soldiers participated in the joy occasioned by this mark of distinction conferred on their chief. The different bands struck up God save the Emperor, and the troops cheered their chivalrous leader, who, sharing all trials and hardships with them, was ever received enthusiastically by them whenever he appeared.

On the 30th of June, we took up our position at Acs and Concurenz, on the right bank of the

Danube, where we had received orders to await the throwing of a bridge over the river at Göngös, which would enable us to manœuvre on either bank.

On the 1st of July, the Master of Ordnance, Baron Haynau, was informed that the enemy had taken up a strong position between Acs and Comorn, into which fortress the insurgents were endeavouring to throw a re-inforcement of 40,000 men from Ofen, reported already to stand before Dotis.

F. M. L. Baron Haynau determined to frustrate this intended concentration, and, at the same time, to reconnoitre on a large scale. But, as it soon became evident that the force of the approaching enemy had been greatly exaggerated, and that the insignificant insurgent division had already reached Comorn in the night, Baron Haynau determined to advance and reconnoitre.

When the Austrian troops appeared before Comorn, Gorgey moved forward fifty batteries, covered by twenty squadrons of Hussars. Baron Haynau had given orders to our troops not to attack the Hungarians, but to confine themselves to artillery-fire (manœuvres), notwithstanding

which the *Lichtenstein chevaux legers*, taking advantage of one of the enemy's batteries being imprudently advanced, made a brilliant attack on it, and succeeded in capturing the guns.

The squadron of Hussars who hastened to the assistance of this battery, were driven back with loss. At the same time, General Baron Reischach, unable to moderate his eagerness and the ardour of his troops, attacked the fortifications of the Landberg, near the head of the bridge, notwithstanding that the strictest orders to the contrary had been issued, and in a short time conquered three bastions, took three cannons and a mortar, besides making sixty prisoners. Such was the spirit which animated the troops. But the entrenchments had to be evacuated with the loss of fifteen officers and 100 men, dead and wounded, the army having, whilst this isolated action took place in the left wing, received orders to occupy the positions assigned for the night.

F. M. L. Baron Haynau, having accomplished his object of ascertaining the strength of the enemy, ordered the different corps to be placed as follows:—

The first corps was to march to Acs, and to

occupy the wood between that place and Comorn.

General Wohlgemuth, to Nystseba.

The Brigade Benedek, to O-Szöny.

The Reserve Cavalry, on the right flank of Wohlgemuth.

The Cavalry Brigade, Prince Lichtenstein, to Huskaly.

The division Panintin, to Szem.

Head-quarters, to Bana.

The third corps, to Igmand.

The different corps had nearly accomplished these movements, when Gorgey, exasperated at the bold attacks of the Austrian troops, and having ascertained that the weak corps of General Schlick alone stood opposite to him, made a sudden *sortie* from the fortress of Comorn, with twelve battalions, twelve batteries, and forty squadrons of Hussars and attacked us.

Count Schlick, at once aware of the threatening danger, requested a brigade and two batteries of General Panintin, but the Russian General hastened to the assistance of the first corps with his entire division, without having waited for the sanction of Baron Haynau, his head-quarters being too far

away. Covered by insignificant heights, General Panintin approached the enemy within cannon-shot. Having placed himself on the hill in the enemy's flank, and on a line with the front of the first corps, he opened a hot flank-fire with two batteries on the insurgent artillery, and on the column of hussars which Count Schlick had made arrangements to attack at that very moment. The enemy's loss in men and horses, occasioned by the well-directed fire of the Russian artillery, was so great that he was compelled to retire into the town. An attempt on the part of the Hussars to make a circuitous movement was baffled by the bold and well-executed attacks of General Simbschen.

This sanguinary battle commenced at seven in the morning, and continued without intermission till eight o'clock in the evening. We had unfortunately sustained a considerable loss in officers and men by the cavalry attacks and infantry charges, besides the many brave comrades, dear friends, and excellent soldiers which the assault on the entrenchments of Comorn cost us.

The day at Acs was, therefore, as sad as it was interesting to the soldier, for each wanted to be

the first to shed his blood, each was jealous of contributing his share of the laurels to be won; and such was the exasperation with which we fought, that little quarter was shewn on either side.

It was a painful moment when the order came to abandon the bulwarks which we had conquered with our heart's blood, and to re-occupy our former position. We obeyed as it became the well-disciplined soldier, but the retreating line was covered with our dead. Our brigade formed again the *avant garde*, and we therefore occupied the outposts the same evening, which were a hundred paces nearer to the fortress.

The wood at Acs is pretty extensive, and we soon cut down a sufficient quantity of trees to build huts, and to keep up good watch-fires. As we sat round them, all the scenes I had witnessed that day recurred to me, such carnage, such loss of human life, and such sufferings! There, a soldier who had lost his leg, asked to be shot, so as to be put out of his misery; there again, a soldier and a Honved were fighting hand to hand with such exasperation, that neither party would take or give quarter. During this scene, I looked

on in breathless suspense ; at last, the brave Bohemian, cut to pieces, expired with the words "God save the Emperor !" on his lips. The Honved, bleeding already from several wounds, had scarcely time to turn away from his antagonist, when he was assailed by a fresh enemy. Now it became indeed a desperate struggle for life and death between the two. The blows of the Imperialist were well dealt, and skilfully parried by the Hungarian, who had succeeded in wounding his adversary in the head, but the uncertain thrusts he already made proved that his strength was impaired, and his blows lost their vigour. With livid lips, and dilated eyes, he was preparing to make a desperate thrust at the soldier, who, with a last effort, felled his bayonet, and ran the Honved through the body ; the latter fell to the ground without a groan. But the soldier's strength now deserted him, his knees tottered ; I saw him lean over the dead comrade beside whom he had fought, and brush away a tear, and then he sank down upon him, never to rise again. He died on his brother's corpse, and we had them buried in one grave.

It was a lamentable sight to see the dead around

us, with their ghastly features, and blood-stained uniforms, and melancholy to hear the groans and heart-rending sighs of the wounded ; the prayers of some, the curses of others, were alike painful to listen to.

That night, as I was sitting by the watch-fire, a sergeant came to say that a wounded soldier asked to see me. I hastened to him. It was a young recruit, who had but lately joined. He lay on his straw bed ; the surgeon stood beside him, having just extracted a ball from the wounded man's body. A faint smile lighted up his features when he saw me, and, drawing a plain ring from his finger, he begged me to send it home to his bride elect ; but the tide of life was ebbing fast, and, pointing to a soldier, who he said could give me the direction, he looked at me beseechingly, and stammering " Thank you, *Pan Hetman*,"* fell back a corpse. Him, too, we buried that dark dismal night ; and, fulfilling his wish, I sent the ring, to which his comrade added a lock of hair. It was clotted with his blood, and had been cut at his desire for the poor girl he was never again

* Signifies, Monsieur le Capitain.

to see. Thus romance exists often where we should least expect to meet with it.

Yes, thus it is in war. To-day it is one, to-morrow, another, who will be missing from the gay mess-table. Many amongst us too, had had hairbreadth escapes during the action at Comorn. Yet we remembered not the dangers passed, nor thought of those that were to follow. We had won the day, and that was a sufficient reason why unrestrained gaiety should be the order of the hour. Fatigue, perils, and privations were alike forgotten. The soldiers played and sang, as if they had returned from a feast, and not a battle. Yet we could not be said to have forgotten those whom we had left on a bloody field.

The next day, we had bright sunny weather, and, ere the third of June was passed, our camp resembled a little town, so many huts of wood, clay, and rushes had been built, that one might have fancied oneself rather in the midst of a gay camp in time of peace, than engaged in actual warfare, if the lighted lunt at the cannon's mouth, and the constant patrol, had not reminded one of the serious importance of the hour. Our gaiety was, however, fated to be interrupted again by

the cholera, which broke out with fearful violence, and in less than three days, we had lost four officers, and nearly eighty men. With the exception of insignificant skirmishes, scarcely worth recording, our days passed in peace, and the inactivity of our camp and life became almost intolerable.

On the 10th of July, I rode with Lieutenant-Colonel B——r to the farthest line, and we could see quite plainly the manœuvring of several Honved battalions, and how the enemy worked without intermission at the entrenchments of Comorn, which certainly made us suspect that the insurgents harboured some secret plan, or intended to venture on a general *sortie*. Our surmises proved correct. The enemy came down upon us with his entire force the next day, and it was in this forest that one of the most sanguinary battles of the Hungarian campaign was fought.

The wood of Acs may be called the pivot of an important position, wherefore both armies wished to hold it, and hence the desperate struggle that ensued, in which no quarter was either asked or given.

It was a sickening sight to see the wounded

carried by in such numbers that it soon became a column, some actually dying in the arms of those who bore them. Accordingly, as this column of the disabled increased, so the troops advanced, each regiment expecting to meet certain death, notwithstanding which, they yet went forward with impetuous speed.

At last, came our turn ; *Palombini, en avant !* resounded through the wood, and we went forward with a cheer. Six times were we repulsed, and six times we advanced with undiminished zeal. With giant-like strength we charged, and charged again, heedless of the murderous fire of the insurgents which thinned our ranks. During the heat of the battle, Lieutenant-Colonel B——, commanding the battalion, stopped to give me some order. We stood side by side ; but, ere he had time to finish his sentence, a ball struck him on the head, and he fell senseless from his horse.

Lieutenant-Colonel B—— being dangerously wounded, I, as senior captain, was ordered to take the command of the battalion, which important charge I retained during the remainder of the campaign. I had scarcely placed myself at the head of the battalion, when a ball passed through

my tschacko, a trophy which I have preserved in commemoration of my own very narrow escape on that day. Tremendous was the exasperation with which this wood was attacked and defended; the carnage was terrible. The wood actually resembled a charnel-house, corpse was heaped on corpse, friend and foe lay side by side in the sleep of death, and the trees suffered almost as much as the men who fought under their shade, from the havoc caused by the storm of shot and shell. I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed on that day. Among the earliest, was the death of my corporal within a few yards of me. A grenade struck him on the chest, and exploded, as I may say, in his body; the next instant, nothing was left save the hands and feet of the unfortunate soldier, whose body had been shattered into a thousand fragments!

“Poor M——!” cried the lieutenant of my company, who had witnessed this dreadful occurrence, and raising his sword, he exclaimed, “On to the assault, my brave soldiers,” *Czeski za umore!* (Bohemians, follow me,) and, at that moment, he fell to the ground; his tschacko, torn into atoms, was struck high into the air; a cannon-ball had

carried away his head, and he lay a mangled corpse beside two privates struck by the same ball.

Poor Ochsenbauer ! peace be to his ashes ! He was an excellent officer, a warm friend, and was universally regretted. Methinks I see him now, with his open brow, and his eyes sparkling, as he cheered the soldiers on to the assault, little thinking that he was about to speak his last words. But we won the bloody day, and remained masters of the wood, although it cost our regiment alone five officers and 120 privates. Poor Ochsenbauer had been moved aside, and when that bloody battle was over, wrapping him in his military cloak, we laid him in the grave we had dug for his mangled remains, amidst the tears of those who loved him best.

Three days afterwards, we had an outpost skirmish on the same spot, and there, where poor Ochsenbauer fell, we found a small portion of his skull which was immediately recognised by us all, his hair having been particularly fair. We sent it to his mother, who was so proud, and so fond of her son, and undoubtedly appreciated this sad memorial.

It cannot be denied that the Hungarians fought

with extraordinary valour and unconquerable perseverance. At the same time, nothing could equal the bravery and contempt of death evinced by the Austrian army, which the presence of the Emperor heightened to enthusiasm, and the more so, since His Majesty rode forward during the hottest fire, and could not be induced to retire, although his retinue used their utmost exertions to persuade him not to expose his precious life. But he glanced round on his devoted army, bearing incredible hardships, as one after the other of those around him fell to rise no more, and, heedless of his own safety, spurred his steed on again, to be the foremost in the place of danger.

The troops, inspired and excited by the chivalry and lofty mind of their gallant sovereign, fought with all the ardour of their souls, and each was ready to sacrifice his life, provided the battle, graced by the presence of the sovereign, upon whose young brow was placed the crown of Austria, were won. Well might the Prince glance round with pride on the warriors who surrounded him, for in the hour of trial, they proved the firmest bulwark of his throne!

Under such auspices, every soldier became a

hero—and therefore the insurgents were unable to make us waver, and all the exertions of Gorgey and Klapka to win the battle proved abortive, although the former ordered batteries to be placed behind the troops of the line, and threatened to fire upon them with cartridges if they retreated.

However much this assertion may be denied, it is still a fact, my authority being one of the Hungarian officers engaged in that very action, who heard the order given. He was set at liberty after the Capitulation of Comorn, and I met him in Keszthely, where he told me this among other things

Our valiant Emperor was so fearless of his own person on this occasion, that an orderly in the suite of his Majesty was shot, and one of his aid-de-camps wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

Object of Gorgey as respects the battle fought on the 11th—Klapka in command of the fortress of Comorn—March to Pesth—Dreadful accident to a soldier—The Author falls from his horse—Arrival at Puszta Torvort—March to Bia—Entry into Pesth—Devastation of Pesth and Ofen—Heroic defence of Ofen—Bombardment of the fortress—Deaths of General Hentzi and Captain Schröder—Colonel Alnock takes the command—The fall of Ofen—Fearful barbarities committed by the insurgent troops—Colonel Alnock—Massacre of four hundred men and twenty officers by the insurgents on their entry into Ofen—The camp at Kakos—Hardships endured by the troops—Destruction of the wells—Fata morgana—Operations of the Austrian army—The enemy's retreat to Szegedin, which is taken by our troops—The enemy's retreat to Szoreg, which is taken by assault—March to Nagy St. Miklos.

As it had not been the intention of F. Z. M. Baron Haynau to fight a second battle under the walls of Comorn, since the insurgents could do us

considerable injury with their heavy batteries without our being able to obtain any advantage over them, it is necessary to state the object Gorgey had in view in challenging us to the battle fought on the 11th.

Gorgey having arrived at a certainty that on the 2nd of July he should not be able to carry into effect his intention of breaking through the allied troops stationed on the right bank of the Danube, quickly altered his plan of operations, and purposed to effect a union with Dembinski's corps by a rapid march on the left bank of the Danube towards Waitzen. Anxious to conceal his actual plan from the Austrian army, the insurgent general attempted a sortie from the entrenched camp at the head of the bridge of the Danube, and hoped to succeed, being aware that a part of our army, the third corps, had moved towards Ofen.

At noon, the enemy advanced from the fortress in considerable columns, and occupying the wood around Heckaly with twenty battalions, made a violent attack on the first and reserve corps, favoured by fog and rain. The brigades Branchi and Scortori of the first corps, assisted by the

brigade Keischach and a cavalry attack made under the guidance of F. M. L. Prince Lichtenstein, resisted the enemy, whose numbers were far superior to them. The reserve corps, pressed by the main force of the enemy, was compelled to withdraw towards Czem. Whereupon, F. M. Z. Haynau ordered the Russian division, stationed at Nagy Igmand, to march to Pust Czem, and relieve the right wing of the reserve corps.

General Panintin reached the field of battle at a moment replete with difficulties for the reserve corps. The insurgents having advanced boldly prepared for a decisive attack; but, by Baron Haynau's order, the Russian division, Panintin, attacked the enemy in the left flank, who soon after retreated at all points, and two hussar regiments, who attempted to outflank the right wing of General Panintin, were easily repelled by the well-directed fire of the seventh and eighth batteries. In the meantime, the cavalry division, Bechthold, had also triumphantly repulsed the insurgent cavalry divisions, who were advancing from O-Szöny towards Mocsa, and at seven o'clock in the evening, the enemy had withdrawn into their entrenchments.

Whilst Gorgey deceived the Austrian army by

his sortie, he had sent his train towards Gran, and followed during the night with his army, taking the road towards Waitzen, in the hope of reaching it before the arrival of the Russian troops ; and, with a view of joining Perezel, who had attempted to advance from Syolnok towards Jass Bereny ; and Alberti Klapka, who had been appointed to the command of the fortress of Comorn, supported Gorgey in this operation.

After this battle of Comorn, we had a few days' rest, but, alas ! we found with regret, that the cholera carried away those whom the cannonballs had spared, and we looked forward with delight to quit the fatal wood. At last, the long-wished-for order came, and nothing could equal the spirits of the troops. In the course of the evening previously to our departure, a dreadful accident occurred, which might have ended badly, and naturally tended to damp the gaiety occasioned by the order to march towards P'esth.

A soldier, a Pole by birth, was handling a bomb, actuated by curiosity to examine its contents. He tried first to scrape out the wadding with a knife ; not succeeding in this, he heated

an iron, and then sat down on the ground, and taking the bomb between his knees, he made an experiment by applying the red hot iron to the bomb, which exploded almost immediately, and shattered his hands and feet, without yet injuring any of the soldiers who stood in his immediate vicinity, which was singular enough. It seems inconceivable that any man who had once become acquainted with the nature of a bomb, should be imprudent enough to trifle with it.

In order to give the reader an idea of the fury with which the cannonade was carried on by the insurgents during that short battle, I need only state that on the spot where we were encamped, which was about four hundred yards square, our soldiers collected upwards of three hundred cannon-balls.

We broke up the next morning, as our brigade belonged to the first corps d'armée, which, together with the reserve corps, the division Panintin, and the cavalry division, Bechthold, had received orders to hurry by forced marches to Pesth, whilst the second corps d'armée was left behind to observe Comorn.

The 23rd of July was well nigh proving a fatal day for me, and the fact that I live to record that accident is a miracle. We rested half way to Pesth, and having enjoyed some cold meat, and a little wine, rare luxury in those times, I mounted and galloped onwards to place myself at the head of the battalion, standing in rank and file, when my horse, in full gallop, stumbling over a short wooden peg, fell over with me. The fall seemed so dreadful to those who looked on, that the eldest captain in rank, thinking me killed, was about to take the command, when suddenly man and horse jumped up, and I rode to the head of the battalion, to the utter astonishment of all. It would be impossible to describe the surprise of those who witnessed the accident when it was discovered that I had not even broken a bone, nor sustained the slightest injury. I must confess that nothing more painful could have occurred to me, than if I had been prevented from taking an active part in the campaign by a broken leg, or any similar injury, after having escaped so many dangers and so many battles, without even bringing away an *ecratignure*.

We left the camp at Acs on the 23rd of July

at eight o'clock in the morning, and marched to Pusztá Czem Torvort, where I awaited the brigade, and then entered Pusztá, where we remained over night, and I had the honour of being invited to dinner by Prince Lichtenstein, our Divisionnaire. The next day, we continued our march, which proved one of the most trying I remember since we reached our destination, *only* at midnight, and that without having tasted anything since morning. The 25th we halted at Bia, and prepared for our entry into Pesth the following day.

Pesth and Ofen, which we looked on as a kind of Goshen, where a few days' rest would be granted us, in order that we might repose from the heavy fatigues which we had undergone, therefore acted magically on our spirits—when at last the city came in sight, but how often the proverb, *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*, is verified. We remained neither in Pesth nor Ofen, but only marched through those towns, having received orders to encamp on the Rakoezy plain, which is about five miles behind Pesth, and to march on the next morning.

A singular feeling stole over me as I rode

through Ofen, and viewed the fearful devastation caused by the heroic defence of General Hentzi. Both towns, as well as the fortress itself, had suffered considerably from the bombardment. The splendid imperial palace seems to have been singled out by Gorgey, for it was a heap of ruins, as well as the walls of the fortress. A great many buildings in Pesth are injured, but in particular the German theatre, the casino, and the *hôtel a-la-Reine d'Angleterre*. The suspension-bridge between Pesth and Ofen, which is magnificent, may be considered the finest and most splendid on the continent.

I cannot here refrain from giving a sketch of the heroic defence and memorable fall of Ofen, which, I think, must interest every class of readers.

When the Austrian army began to retreat on the 21st April, 1849, General Hentzi, a man of unflinching character, as well as a highly-accomplished and well-informed soldier, received orders to hold Ofen (which scarcely deserves the name of a fortress) until the offensive operations should have commenced, and the advancing army be enabled to relieve the fortress. The garrison consisted of one battalion, Archduke Wilhelm,

one battalion Accopiere, one battalion Warras-diner borderers, four companies Bannalisten, half a company of pioneers, one squadron of Archduke Johann dragoons, and 110 artillerymen—in the whole, about 4,000 men.

Such was the strength of the fortress, which was provisioned for two months, when a part of the insurgent army, about 30,000 men, under Gorgey, turned towards Ofen to take it by storm.

When Ofen was besieged, the 3rd battalion of Archduke Wilhelm occupied the lower, and the 3rd battalion of the Warasdiner Kreuger border regiment the upper water retrenchment; five batteries were attached to each battalion. The first battalion Accopiere and one battalion Bannalisten occupied the fortress, and 95 batteries were placed on the walls at different points, some of which were mortars, others eighteen and twenty pounders.

The head-quarters of the enemy were on the Schwabenberg. To the right, on the Blocksberg, and behind it, were the detachments of Nagy Sandor and Aulich. Round Leopoldfield those of the insurgent leaders, Kmety and Knesis,

besides which troops of Hussars were encamped on the surrounding mountains.

On the 4th of May, Gorgey called on General Hentzi to surrender the fortress. The valiant General, true to his sovereign and his country, returned the answer that it became a brave warrior to make. From that day, the enemy began to bombard the fortress; the object Gorgey had in view by the bombardment and frequent sham-attacks which he made on the fortress, was to disturb and tire the garrison.

The continual bombarding and the already advanced destruction of the fortress prompted General Hentzi to the bombardment of Pesth on the 15th May, which lasted from seven o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, and the result sufficiently proved the power and ability of the artillery. Several invasions were repelled, and sorties made on Alt Ofen.

On the 16th, the enemy commenced his actual operations, and erected a breach-battery on the side called Spitzberg, by means of which he succeeded in opening a breach from ten to twelve klafters in length, to the right of the Weissenburger Thor, within three days.

On the 19th and 20th, sham-attacks were again made by the insurgents, whose object was only to fatigue the troops. General Hentzi superintended the entrenchments within the bastions, and particularly in the vicinity of the breach, in person, day and night. On that occasion, Captain Pollim, of the engineer corps, met a hero's death.

On the morning of the 21st, Gorgey undertook a decisive attack. The fortress was bombarded during the whole night. Towards four o'clock, the enemy made an attack with his entire force. At the same hour, the fortress was stormed simultaneously from the Christenstadt, the Weissenburger Thor, and below the breach. As the upper garrison was too weak to repel the assaulting enemy with advantage, General Hentzi ordered the ninth division, Wilhelm, in occupation of the lower water entrenchments, under the command of Captain Schröder, as a reinforcement to the fortress; but when this division arrived, the enemy had already scaled it in considerable masses, and General Hentzi and Captain Schröder led the division, sword in hand, to the assault, and once more succeeded in repelling the enemy. Alas, it was their last act—both fell! the General, by

a shot in the abdomen ; Captain Schröder received two shots in the head, and one in the arm.

The die was cast—the brave leader had breathed his last—and the troops were forced to retreat before the superiority of the enemy. It was only for a moment. Colonel Alnock took the command. He spoke not many words, but, pointing to the corpse of their heroic general, and those who had shared his fate, he led them on again. Many a veteran's eye glistened with a tear as he addressed them.

The troops, who understood the silent sorrow of their commandant, obeyed, albeit they knew he led them on to certain death. Colonel Alnock then ordered the four remaining companies of Wilhelm infantry, to reinforce the fortress, the cannons having been previously spiked. The 13th and 15th company took their way through the Schloss garten, but they encountered several battalions of the enemy who had already penetrated. The heroic Captain Polland, first Lieutenants Shäfer, Bellmond, Kieder, and Muller, fell at the head of their detachments. The remaining companies had succeeded in entering by the Wasserthor, and the garrison, which had now melted

down to a few detachments, retired, during the fiercest fighting in the streets, as far as Ferdinand barracks, where they were surrounded by the enemy, and literally cut to pieces, mercilessly hewn down like so many dogs.

Whilst this fearful massacre was going on in the streets of the fortress, Colonel Alnock hastened to the suspension-bridge, and setting fire to the four powder barrels placed there, he blew himself up. Such was the last act of this noble but fearful tragedy!

The defence of the fortress cost us ten officers and 160 men; but, sad and terrible to record, no less than twenty officers, and 400 men, were brutally and barbarously murdered by the rebels after the fortress was taken. What pen can calmly record the tortures of 420 human beings, expiring in the acutest agony! What heart can remain unmoved, reading the valorous defence of the fortress by the garrison, or picturing to himself their struggle for life, or death, against such fearful odds.

I have here portrayed one of the most heroic deeds of the army. The defenders of Ofen deserve the place of honour in the annals of war in 1849,

and in the latest times. Austria's faithful warriors will look back with pride on the heroic, high-minded men who became martyrs for their country, and fully deserve the veneration of the Emperor, the admiration of the army, and the esteem of the world.

General Hentzi's tomb, which he shares with fifty-four warriors, is only marked by a cross cut from a tree on the spot where he fell, and ornamented by the bloody wreath of laurels so bravely won. But it is to be hoped that an everlasting monument will exist in the heart of every true Austrian for generations to come, and therefore it needs no monument of stone. No one can forget General Hentzi, who, great as a hero, was not less esteemed as a Christian. The very blood freezes in my veins, to record the carnage of 420 soldiers, butchered and slaughtered, cruelly and brutally put to death like so many wild beasts by their fellow-creatures. Their heroic exertions in the performance of their duty, could no more strike the chord of sympathy in the hearts of their ruthless savage enemies, than their cries of agony rent from them, as they fell under the blows of swords, guns, and pikes, could awaken their pity.

But these noble Magyars--these martyrs to despotism, fighting for true liberty, spilling their blood to save their country from oppression, who viewed the devastation of the Magyar land with bleeding hearts, whose very souls recoiled from those fearful scenes of savage butchery laid at the door of the Austrian army, but which were never committed--only laughed and cursed the more, scooping out the eyes of some with the ends of pikes and swords, cutting the limbs off others from the quivering bodies. Nor was their thirst for murder quenched until they had waded through the pool of blood, flowing from the reeking and mutilated corpses of 420 martyrs, whose last groans called down the wrath of Heaven on the authors of such misdeeds.

Let us now return to our camp at Ràkos. As a few hours had been given us to rest, we drove to Pesth, determined to make amends for the bad fare which we had latterly been compelled to put up with. We therefore selected the best hotel, and sat down to an excellent dinner, at which the champagne was not forgotten. Any one acquainted with the hardships of a campaign life, will understand how much we enjoyed the rare treat of good

fare. In the afternoon, we made some necessary purchases of provisions, and then returned to the camp to seek a few hours' repose, previously to setting out on our march towards the south. The exertions and fatigue consequent on our forced marches to Pesth were inconceivable, but cannot be compared to the sufferings we endured when proceeding from Pesth to the south of the Bannat, through the sandy desert of that flat country, during a scorching heat, notwithstanding which, we left an immense tract of territory behind us, in an incredibly short space of time.

The hardships which fell to our lot at that period formed not the least parts of the feats performed by our army, and proved the excellent condition of the troops, as well as the good spirit which animated them. On advancing into the country, we found that the insurgents had, in their retreat, destroyed the water, which they accomplished in some instances, by filling up the wells; in others, by rendering the water unpalatable.

It is scarcely possible to give a true picture of the sufferings of the army during that march. Scorched by the sun, we met with no tree that

could afford us a moment's shelter, and fatigued by the march and heat through the sandy roads, we were naturally parched with thirst, and felt the want of water so keenly, that we would have given much to procure only a few drops. It seemed to us as if our insides were on fire! our limbs almost refused to bear us; our tongues, dry and heavy, clung to the palate. In short, the impossibility of allaying our thirst, became most agonizing, and yet the troops bore this severe test heroically. But the heat increasing, rather than diminishing, soon attained 112 degrees, so that the very ground seemed to burn under our feet, and many soldiers who had braved death in a thousand ways, and escaped the cannon-balls, died in lingering torture.

What pen can describe the agony and misery we endured during that march, and which brought us almost to desperation! Such sufferings could only be sustained by the devotion to our sovereign, and the love we bore our country, for the welfare of which we were ready to sacrifice our lives.

In marching through the south of Hungary, we had many opportunities of seeing the *fata morgana*,

which is only visible in large tracts of flat country, and therefore a rare phenomenon. On one occasion, we could see quite distinctly an enemy's camp on a gigantic scale, and discern even the coming and going of horsemen, soldiersexercising, and every movement they made in the pursuit of their different vocations. I must own that it was a singular and grand sight, for the objects were as distinct as if it had been a reality. We saw the *fata morgana* in the shape of water, and the reflection of houses and trees, &c. &c., almost every day, but never a complete military camp, except the time above mentioned.

Let us now return to head-quarters. F. M. Baron Haynau, having remained only a short time in Pesth, actively continued operations, which he now directed towards the south, with great intrepidity, supported by the main force of the Russian army, covered by it on the rear and the left flank, and being besides aware that Gorgey's corps was kept in check by the position of Prince P——, he made the following dispositions:— F. M. Baron Haynau, at the head of the Imperial Russian division, Panintin, and the cavalry divisions Bichthold, advanced direct across Fehgyhazy

to Szegedin. The first corps, as column of the left flank, advanced by Szegled towards Czibakhaga, for the purpose of crossing the Theiss, at that point, to maintain the connection with the main army, and gain the right bank of the Maros, whilst the third corps d'armée covered the right flank of the main army, and was directed to Alt Kanisa, across Therisianopel.

By this rapid advance, F. M. Baron Haynau obtained a threefold advantage: firstly, the already united insurgent corps had not time to form a new plan of operations, or to make any preparations for a strong resistance; secondly, he came to the assistance of the army in the south, as well as to the hard-pressed fortress Temiswar, at the moment of the greatest danger, and as the Russian General had done in the north, thus transposed the war in the south, across the Theiss, by which the insurgents were therefore pressed into a narrowing circle.

On the 8th of July, the head-quarters of Baron Haynau were in Felegyhaza, the third corps d'armée stood in Melykut, and the first in Czegled. F. M. Baron Haynau remained in Felegyhaza till the 1st of August, with the main body of the army,

in order to grant a day's rest to the three corps who had reached Therisianopel on the 30th of July, and be in a line with them. In the meantime the enemy had retired to Szegedin.

On the 2nd August, Baron Haynau commanded the Brigade Simbschen, which had occupied the outposts before Puzta Szatimas, to reconnoitre as far as the enemy's entrenchments. General Baron Simbschen, finding that the entrenchments and Alt Szegedin on the right bank of the Theiss, had been cleared of the enemy, occupied the town until the Brigade Tablonowsky arrived in the course of the afternoon, and occupied the most important points. A considerable quantity of powder and ammunition, as well as great provision of corn, were found in the castle.

Thus the important point Szegedin fell into the hands of Baron Haynau, without a stroke, and after Guyon's retreat, the communication with the army in the south was restored. On the third of August, the Brigade Tablonowsky, reinforced by a part of the Brigade Benedek under the skilful guidance of F. M. L. Prince F. Lichtenstein, attacked the rear guard of the enemy, which stood on the left bank of the Theiss. Whilst the

enemy's batteries were silenced by the well-directed fire of the Austrian artillery, two battalions of the brigade Tablonowsky crossed the Theiss above Szegedin in order to fall on the right flank of the insurgents. The result of the artillery operations, particularly that of the rocket batteries, which set the village by Szegedin, where the enemy offered an obstinate resistance, on fire, was destructive and decisive.

The enemy, being dislodged from his position on the banks, the Brigade Benedek commenced to ship over, and driving the enemy from hj-Szegedin, threw the bridge across. The insurgents were then pursued from position to position, a cannon was taken, and many prisoners were made. At eight o'clock in the evening the bridge head was nearly taken possession of, when the enemy made another violent attack. A battalion of the Imperial Russian division was then sent as a reinforcement to hj-Szegedin, the balance of the action restored, and at ten o'clock the bridge head was occupied by our valiant troops.

At four o'clock at dawn of day, the enemy opened a heavy fire from four batteries, directed against the tête de ponts, to cover his retreat to

Szoreg, and O-sz-Iwan, where the insurgents having succeeded in uniting under the command of Dembinski, Messaros, Descoffy, and Guyon, occupied a firm position, with a force of near 30,000 men, and 50 batteries, with the view of impeding the advance of the allied armies.

On the 5th, towards four o'clock in the morning the Imperial Austrian reserve Corps, the Cavalry division, Bechthold, and the Imperial Russian division, Panintin, made an attack from the bridge head on the enemy's position, whilst the cavalry advanced to surround the left flank of the insurgents. The reserve batteries drove towards the enemy's batteries, placed behind a dike. The development of an imposing number of batteries, the close advance of the reserve corps, assisted by a brigade of the Russian division, Panintin, decided the battle in a few hours. By sunset, the insurgents were driven from all their entrenchments, and the dike Szoreg was taken by assault, and the enemy in full flight. We captured five cannons, and made many prisoners. The allied armies, it must be acknowledged, had fought with signal bravery that day. We now advanced without rest by Szambu to Nagy St. Miklos, which we reached on the second day

CHAPTER IX.

St. Miklos—Kindness of the Inhabitants—Their Aversion to Magyarism—Cruelty of the Hungarians—Destruction of a Village by the Insurgents—Heart-rending Scenes—The Church of St. Miklos—The Sexton's Account—The Casino—The Next Morning—My Host's Liberality—My Embarrassment—My Landlord's Daughter—Perjanos—Szekusit—Arrival of a Russian Colonel—An Impromptu—Dance—A Dream—Pursuit of the Enemy towards Temeswar—Defence of that place—Hardships endured by the Garrison—F. M. L. Baron Kinkowina—The Relief of Temeswar—A Deathblow to the Insurgents—Kossuth resigns.

ST. Miklos is a very neat little town on the banks of the Maros, and the inhabitants, mostly Rascians and Romans, are devoted to the government, and consequently of anti-revolutionary principles. They received us in the most kindly manner, and with marked civility; each citizen offered quarters to officer and pri-

vate, whom he made it a point of honour to overwhelm with kindness and attention

I was quartered in the house of the Syndicus, whose extreme politeness quite embarrassed me, but it must be acknowledged, that having been deprived of the comforts, I might almost say necessities of life, for so long a period, and for months slept under the sky, to which may be added, that with rare exceptions we met with undisguised aversion and ill-will on the part of the population of the towns we passed through, who, deluded and deceived by the Kossuth faction, were tutored to look on us as their oppressors, until at last the veil dropped from their eyes, and the real truth was disclosed to them. We were therefore only more keenly alive to the kindness shewn us, and yielded to the seductive influence exercised over us by the expressions of gratitude which fell from the lips of the simple-hearted and sincere inhabitants, who hailed us as their deliverers. Sweet lips, too, poured forth their thanks, and pictured in glowing, truthful language all they had suffered. Mourning dwelt in their hearts, for many had lost some dear relative, others still trembled for their country.

The Banat is the most fertile tract of country in the Austrian empire, and celebrated for the excellent breed of cattle, wheat, and wine. The Banat is mostly populated by Romans, Rascians, and Germans, who are thoroughly averse to Magyarism, nor was the late war calculated to alter their feelings in that respect, for the Hungarians did not spare their country, and have left fearful traces of their invasion, which it will take centuries to obliterate from the memories of the population. Entire villages, particularly those populated by Rascians, were set on fire and burned to the ground. The inhabitants, children, men and women, were mercilessly butchered, and often exposed to the grossest insults, previously to their being put to death.

I could scarcely have believed (had I not been an eye-witness in some instances) all the atrocities committed by some of the savage hordes, which were to be found in the insurgent army, whose misdeeds were so carefully concealed from the knowledge of Europe, that they have unfortunately never been made public.

It is invariably imprudent, foolish perhaps, to place utter reliance on the statement of a party

or the untruthful work of some author, whose only merit is a prolific imagination. I should therefore have been inclined to believe, and were it only for charity's sake, that some of the many barbarous deeds recorded of Hungarian invasion were exaggerated, had I read of them merely in a book, but I have marched through the devastated villages, where a death-like stillness reigned, the inhabitants having either fallen under the swords of the enemy, or found death in the flames that consumed their dwellings. I have seen these things with my own eyes, and my ears have listened to tales that would fill the breasts of honest men with indignation and make the blood run cold in their veins.

Never while I live shall I forget the appearance of one village which had been razed to the ground. We marched through without seeing a living soul, and yet it had been once thickly populated. A sickly feeling stole over us as we entered some of the ruins, for we could trace marks of blood where whole families had been massacred. What fearful tales could those walls record, what a dreadful sight was that village now, how painful the contrast of the bright sun as its rays shone on the

blackened ruins around, and even the birds' cheerful note seemed to warble forth a reproach to the deeds of man! No living being, nothing that could speak of the past, met our horror-stricken eyes—we turned away, and our hearts beat with hatred and indignation for Kossuth the pampered idol of the hour. The following particulars were afterwards given me from unquestionable authority.

It appears, that on the occasion of a detachment passing through the village, they had, like us, gazed with horror around them, when suddenly a figure emerged from one of the blackened ruins, which proved to be a man. The effect was startling—emaciated, with sunken eyes, and white hair streaming round his hollow features, that ghostly-looking being was indeed a man, the only inhabitant who had escaped the ruthless hands of the Hungarians. He gazed at first wildly round and then advanced—he would have kissed the skirts of the soldiers' coats with joy—and then clasping his hands, with sudden despair he cried “too late!” and tore his hair, then pointing to the ruins from which he had emerged, he said slowly, “I have buried them, that I may live on their

grave." He spoke incoherently, but from all he said the officer who related this to me gathered, that the male inhabitants fought to the last, but were overpowered; the combat was soon over, and then commenced the fearful insults to the women, and the general massacre.

This unfortunate man's wife and daughter were murdered before his eyes. Driven to desperation, he rushed upon the murderers, and from that moment he remembered nothing more, except that he was felled to the ground by a blow on the head. When he recovered, the enemy was gone, and beside him lay the corpses of his youthful daughter, only sixteen years old, and his wife. He dug a grave, buried them, and would not quit the spot; but his eyes sparkled with deep hatred as he told his tale of sorrow. Pointing to a little elevated ground, he gasped forth: "From thence I saw the flames gradually consume my native village, and heard the shrieks and groans of some of the victims who were still alive, but unable to escape, and I could not help them."

The hot tears dropped on his clenched hands, and then a vacant smile announced that reason often fled. That one night had turned his hair

to grey. Such scenes cannot be forgotten—such barbarous acts cannot be forgiven. The hatred called up by these deeds of Vandalism was as implacable as it was deep.

I will now return to St. Miklos. After dinner, we repaired to lionize the town and church. As I had served in a Wallachian regiment in the early part of my military career, I had studied the language, with which I was well acquainted, and consequently became the interpreter on this occasion ; and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of speaking and hearing this musical language again, after a lapse of so many years. We bent our steps at once to the Greek Church, which belongs to the Wallachians and Rascians.

The exterior of the building is simple but handsome ; the interior is extremely rich, particularly the high altar, and the paintings, which are richly gilt, and ornamented in the most costly way, after the manner of the Greek Church. The sexton, delighted to find an Imperial officer with whom he could converse in his native language, overwhelmed me with complaints of the dreadful treatment they, too, had received at the hands of the Hungarian column who had passed through.

They spared nothing; and finally broke into the house of God, committed the grossest misdeeds, desecrated the high altar and the pictures. They also tore down a crown which was placed in the church; and, in fact, there was no scandal, no outrage, however vile, that they did not perpetrate. It is no wonder that such gross misconduct only increased the hatred already subsisting between the two races—nothing was sacred in the eyes of these savages, not even the house of God!

But what could be expected, when we consider that these bravoos were in the pay of those who profaned religion by making it a plea for carnage and scandal, and enshrouding themselves in the threadbare cloak of hypocrisy, under which lurked blasphemy and perjury, wrought the ruin of their country?

I was also informed at St. Miklos, that where the Hungarians passed through, they carried away by force all young men able to bear arms, and distributed them into different regiments; but, with the exception of three, all returned. This system they also tried in other districts; but on all occasions the Bannatians ran away as soon as an opportunity offered—which proves

that the enthusiasm so falsely reported to exist, was by no means so general as it was believed to be. It was not without an object, however, that these false reports were spread, nor did they fail to bear fruit; because, in many districts, the population learning that those whom they knew to be most loyal had joined the insurgent army, naturally began to think that the insurgents must be in the right, and when it was, then, whispered by emissaries of the wily Kossuth that he was fighting for the young Emperor (this report was circulated by Kossuth before the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated), loyalty was lulled by a deceptive, dangerous, but judiciously-applied opiate.

The poor inhabitants little guessed what a few months would reveal, and still less that of the thousands who filled the ranks of the insurgent army, many hundreds fought only when batteries were placed behind them.

Even in the purer Magyar districts, there are many parts where the ill-fated civil war and its authors are thoroughly condemned, and several families actually applied to Government for permission to change their name, because a member

had stained it by siding with the insurgents. The Pesth newspapers have brought before the public several instances of this strong condemnation of disloyalty on the part of the Magyar families.

The town itself was soon lionized, and we then hurried to the casino, where our regimental band was playing, and had collected all the *élite* of the town. We found a great deal of beauty assembled, and, yielding to the seductive influence of the society in which we found ourselves, forgot all but the present moment; and, when the day was over, regretted deeply that duty compelled us to leave so agreeable a town the next morning. It was, perhaps, more advantageous, after all, that we should not have had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the inhabitants, some amongst the fairer sex being singularly beautiful. Handsome, expressive eyes, sweet smiles, and fascinating manners, are not the best incentives to hurry us to the battle-field; and some of our gay young officers must undoubtedly have carried away wounds less easily healed than those inflicted by the insurgents.

I rose at an early hour the next morning, and found an excellent breakfast prepared for me by

my host. Having partaken freely of all the good things placed before me, I bade the good people a hasty farewell, and was about to mount my horse when the landlord stopped me, adding that he had a particular request to make, which he begged I would promise not to refuse. A certain huskiness in his voice, proceeding, undoubtedly, from emotion, touched me to the heart, and I replied that I would certainly not refuse so loyal a patriot anything which it was in my power to grant. I cannot exactly remember what I anticipated the nature of the request would prove, but I have a faint recollection of being prepared to render some important service for all the kindness I had received, when, to my astonishment and considerable embarrassment, a huge ham and hamper of wine made its appearance. I had suffered too much privation not to appreciate fully the value of this gift, but, nevertheless, I was heartily ashamed of myself. Embarrassment must have been portrayed in every lineament of my features, for I perceived the landlord's very pretty daughter peeping from behind the window-curtain, smiling archly, and displaying her beautiful teeth, she took care to shade her large black eyes with her

little white hands, nevertheless, I could read in them that she had had something to do with the provisions offered, and was now enjoying my discomforture.

I returned my sincere thanks to my worthy host, and saluting his fair daughter, galloped off to the head of my battalion.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when we left St. Miklos ; our first station was Perjanos ; on reaching it, we found that the enemy was within about fifteen English miles of us. In order to obtain some certitude of his movements, two officers were sent on patrol, who brought us news that the enemy stood by Arad, and our corps d'armée by Vinga. We therefore continued our march as far as Szekusit, where we awaited further commands for which we had applied. In the meantime, we encamped in the village and about it. It fell to my lot to be quartered in the village, for which I was not sorry. We found that our advanced guard had overtaken a detachment of insurgents, who were unable to proceed, owing to the rapid advance of our army, and made nineteen prisoners, as well as several waggon loads of military stores, of which we immediately

took possession, and divided the most useful articles amongst our men. In the village itself, we found two magazines containing linen, accoutrements, saddles, leather, and ropes, which the inhabitants gave up to us, as having been left behind by the insurgents in their disordered flight.

This village is also situated in the Banat, and when the inhabitants discovered that I could speak their native language, they came to me in a body to speak of all they had suffered from Hungarian oppression. There again I listened to tales of woe, heard of the cruelties committed with impunity by these Magyar heroes. Szekusit has about 2,000 inhabitants, and is a very neat cheerful-looking village, which can boast of broad streets with elm-trees on either side. On the Sunday, we had an opportunity of admiring the Wallachian women in their holiday attire, whose natural charms were not a little enhanced by the picturesque appearance of their semi-oriental dress. They are a fine handsome race, their aquiline nose, black hair and eyes, and, in fact, truly Roman features, proved them to have retained the type of their origin. The men are

handsome and powerful, the women, with rare exceptions, faultless beauties.

We had just sat down to our mess in the hotel, when we received an announcement that a Russian colonel with a general Staff-officer, and a suite of 100 Cossacks and two squadrons of Hussars, had arrived in quest of the *point d'union* between the corps of Prince Paskiewitch and that of Baron Haynau. I was ordered to receive him, ascertain his wishes, and see that he, as also his suite, were well provided for. The colonel was an elderly gentleman of fine military bearing, and extremely polite, but, as he did not speak French very fluently, our conversation was naturally short. I was delighted to find a first-rate linguist in the general staff-officer, as it saved me the torture of making several ineffectual endeavours to wade through a conversation kept up in Russian on one side, and a mixture of Polish and Bohemian on my part. I gave the required information as far as it lay in my power to do, and invited them to join us in the square, where our band, as well as that of the second rifle battalion, would perform in the afternoon. They promised to do so as soon as duty permitted, and accordingly towards even-

ing, several of the officers of the Russian Hussars made their appearance in the camp, which presented a gay scene. All our officers, as well as those of the second rifle battalion, had assembled, and the inhabitants of the place, thoroughly black and yellow, came with their wives and daughters, many of whom were so remarkably beautiful, that they attracted our attention. Our band first played compositions of Bellini, Meyerbeer, and Balfe, to which the fair sex listened with rapture, but when the fascinating waltzes and polkas of Lanner, Strauss, and Labitzky, were struck up with tantalizing spirit by both bands, the effect was electric. The Russian officers beat time, whilst our fair guests smiled, which we accepted as a signal that a dance would be found agreeable by all parties.

We soon became acquainted, introductions took place, the ground was mechanically cleared of bye-standers who made way, and in a quarter of an hour we whirled round and round, and round again, as if that were to be our last ball. I never spent a pleasanter evening in my life, though I did not, perhaps, enjoy myself as much as many of my companions, for my thoughts had wandered

far from that gay scene, and I threw myself under an elm-tree. I first gave way to sweet reflections, and then the music became fainter and fainter—I heard it still but it was far away. I thought myself transported into some distant land, and dreamed that instead of music I heard the gay and joyous laugh of children; the scene was changed—familiar faces stood around me, some one whom I could not see laid his hand on my shoulder, and in that moment I started up and sighed.

It was partly truth and partly fiction; the laugh by which I was awoke proceeded from my brother officers, who had discovered me asleep. Yes, to my shame be it said, the music and my thoughts had lulled me to sleep. The dance was over, the music silenced, the inhabitants had retired. I rose refreshed, although perhaps with regret that my dream had been disturbed; and, having escorted the Russian officers home, we sought repose.

Let us now return to the military operations. The third corps d'armée, under the command of F. M. L. Baron Kamberg, had forced the passage across the Theiss by Kanisa, during the proceedings of our troops at Szegedin. The first corps d'armée was at Mako on the 4th, and threatened

to cut off the retreat of the enemy. As the entire army was now again united, the enemy was pursued towards Temiswar, and on the 8th the headquarters of F. M. Baron Haynau were at Sovrin, and the army had advanced on the line of Sajteuy Kaey, Sz Peter, Pesgak, and across Csatad, as far as Hatzfold, from Malso. F. M. S. Count Schlick had sent a flying column of Mezohegyes, by which the Government stud of 3000 horses was saved.

The enemy had driven his corps from Szegedin towards Temiswar, and having succeeded in effecting a union with Vetter, intended to all appearances to accept battle and to make a stand before Temiswar, which he was probably encouraged to do by the force at his command, which included artillery to the number of 100 guns.

On the 9th August, F. M. L. Baron Haynau directed the third corps d'armée, and the Cavalry division Wallmoden (formerly Bechthold), stationed at Csatad, and the Russian division Panintin, which stood at Sovrin, to advance across Sillet toward Kiss Buskerek, and at the same time ordered the reserve corps stationed at Peszak to Hodony and Karany, in order to take the enemy in the right flank.

The first corps d'armée was disposed of as follows:—The flank columns were directed on either bank of the Maros to Pieska and Foulak, with the main troops from Kacy and St. Peter to Monoster and Vinga. When the third corps d'armée and the Cavalry division advanced from Buskerek in order to attain an advantageous position, the enemy, who immediately developed a considerable number of batteries and cavalry divisions, offered a strong resistance beyond the little stream which runs across the road, and succeeded in making several circuitous movements, by which the left flank was threatened.

Upon this, F. M. Baron Haynau ordered the Russian division, Panintin, with the batteries, and, later, the reserve batteries, to move into order of battle line. The development of those masses, and the effective fire of the artillery, silenced the enemy's guns. Then a general advance was ordered: the Cavalry Brigade Lederer covered the right flank, the Cavalry Brigade Simbschen the left wing of the line. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the reserve corps of Prince Lichtenstein appeared on the field and advanced upon the right flank of the enemy, who then retired upon the

whole line, and towards evening also retreated from the strongly occupied wood behind the Beregzaboch.

In the meantime, F. M. L. Count Schlick had advanced with his corps as far as Monoster. The troops behaved most bravely, and evinced a perseverance worthy of admiration ; the artillery in particular had distinguished itself, for the battle had, with the exception of a few successful cavalry charges, been confined to a seven hours' cannonade.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the distinguished services rendered by the director of the field artillery, G. M. Von Hanslab, on the days of Szegedin, Szoreg, and Temiswar, for it was under that gallant General's guidance that the artillery was in this campaign made use of by Austria for the first time in great and imposing masses, which was throughout attended with most brilliant success.

The same evening, a few hours after the battle, Baron Haynau, at the head of two cavalry divisions, and covered by a few battalions of the division Panintin, entered Temiswar, which was relieved in the moment of the most imminent danger, after having been subject to so many calamities. The

scenes witnessed on the entry of the Austrian troops into Temiswar were heart-rending.

The fortress exposed to the enemy's cannon, and during so long a period, and after uninterrupted fighting, seemed on the point of falling in. The interior of the town resembled a ruin, and the bombardment of the enemy on the 11th of June with thirty and sixty pounder bombs, might be traced in the many houses quite unroofed, others partly damaged, but not a single one uninjured; several, quite demolished, were only a heap of ruins, and all more or less fearfully dilapidated. The garrison as well as the inhabitants looked pale and emaciated, but no wonder when we consider what they suffered. For some time past, they had been living on horse-flesh, and even that was only to be obtained at a high price. Yet notwithstanding that typhus and cholera raged with unabated fury, that the town was an hospital, one-fourth of the garrison dead, one-fourth of them unavailable, because on the sick list, and amongst whom were no less than 60 officers, yet in the face of all the sufferings consequent on their position, the brave Commandant, F. M. L. Baron Kukowina, sent the *Parlementaire*, who

had come on the part of the insurgent chief to offer capitulation, back with the answer that the garrison would defend the fortress to the last cartridge.

The opening of the doors, which had been closed since the 25th of April, the meeting with the comrades who had fought with double energy in remembering all their sufferings, was truly affecting. It was one of those scenes which we can picture to ourselves but not describe. The heroic garrison had melted away considerably, for the cholera increased as their provisions diminished, and had in the latter period carried off 60 and 80 victims per day.

It was deeply lamented by the army that the valiant veteran F. M. L. Baron Kukowina, the commandant, fell a victim to this epidemic, a few weeks after the relief of the fortress.

The army under Dembinski, Messaros, Desweffy, and Guyon, having been completely beaten through by the brilliant relief of Temiswar by our troops, the Hungarian question might be considered as decided. Gorgey's last attempt to unite himself, across Kadna by Sugos, with the different insurgent corps in the South of Hungary who had

been beaten and forced behind Temiswar by the Austrian army, proved abortive, and had been baffled by the whole combined operations of the two Imperial armies. F. M. L. Count Schlick had also succeeded in repelling Gorgey's advanced guard, which attempted to effect a passage by Arad, most brilliantly, and with considerable loss on the part of the enemy.

It was at that time, that the revolutionary government sought to commence negotiations with Prince Paskiewitch, who refused to agree to any other terms except unconditional surrender.

Kossuth, who had himself given up his cause as lost, had resigned, and Gorgey was elected Dictator.

CHAPTER X.

Gorgey's Surrender at Villagos—Respective Position of the Allied Imperial Forces and the Insurgent Army, previously to the Surrender at Villagos—Position of Arad at the Outbreak of the Revolution—Our Brigade encamps before Arad—Negotiations relative to the Surrender of the Fortress—The Last Outpost Skirmish—Capitulation of Arad—Bem and Guyon—The different Insurgent Corps lay down their Arms—Count Vecsay and his Troops—Departure of the Leaders of the Rebellion for Turkey—General Panintin—Valour of the Russian Troops—Surrender of Peterwardein—The Austro-Russian Troops before Comorn—The Capitulation of Comorn—Prince Paskiewitch and F. Z. M. Baron Haynau—Arrival of Gorgey's Corps at Arad—Visit to the Prisoners' Camp—Captain M.—Madame M.—Condition of the Insurgent Troops—Departure from Arad—Arrival in Grosswardein—Baron B.—The Catholic Bishop—Keszthely.

THE last act of the Hungarians, the surrender of Gorgey, with his army, at Villagos, has been commented on so differently in foreign countries,

the views and opinions on that head are so contradictory, the statements so incorrect, that I shall endeavour to give a condensed sketch of the respective positions of the belligerent parties at that period, which cannot fail to convince an impartial reader that Gorgey's position was not tenable, and that his surrender was inevitable. The only alternative at his command being to fight another battle, which, from the position of our troops, he must have lost, and whereby he would have unnecessarily sacrificed thousands.

The position of the allied armies was as follows:—

The main body of the Russian troops at Grosswardein. The Third Corps had advanced as far as Koros. General Luders was on his way from Carlsburg, in Transylvania. General Grotenhulm in Klausenburg. Towards New Arad stood the Austrian corps under the command of General Count Schlick, and at Temiswar the main body of the Austrian army, under the command of F. M. Z. Baron Haynau.

The insurgent army stood, without any hope of effecting a union, in the following position:—
The corps under the command of Gorgey at the

Kärös, and that under the command of Bem, on the retreat by Lugos.

Gorgey could not, therefore, but see the utter hopelessness of success, and the uselessness of further resistance. He therefore surrendered unconditionally, and laid down the arms of his entire corps, consisting of 30,000 men, 5,000 chargers, 3,000 draught horses, and 144 guns, before the Imperial Russian army, on the 13th of August, at Villagos. Gorgey also undertook to exert his influence with the other insurgent leaders, and prevail on them to surrender without further resistance.

The Brigade to which my regiment belonged, was already *en route* for Transylvania; but Gorgey's surrender rendering a reinforcement unnecessary, we received a counter-order, with instructions to march to Arad, of which I will give some particulars.

The town of Arad is intersected by the river Maros, and forms two towns, New and Old Arad, the former, rather an insignificant town, belongs to the Banat, and was always opposed to Kosuth's faction, the greater part of the inhabitants being Germans and Romans. The latter is a neat,

pretty town, on the right bank of the Maros, and belongs to Hungary, wherefore the inhabitants were inclined towards Magyarism.

The fortress of Arad is devoid of interest, except in a military point of view, and is about two thousand paces distant from Old and New Arad. At the outbreak of the revolution, this small fortress was occupied by 500 men—that is, the second battalion of the garrison—a small number of half-invalids, and about 150 men of the Hungarian infantry regiment, Don Miguel; but of this body of troops, which was commanded by the veteran Field Marshal Lieutenant Berger, only 300 men would be considered as fit for service. Thirty-nine batteries were placed upon the walls of the fortress, which have a circumference of 900 klafters. Provisions and ammunition were at a low ebb. As for money, there was none.

Such was the position of the Imperial garrison when hostilities were commenced by the enemy on the 6th of October, 1848. On the 27th October, the insurgents had increased their besieging force to 20,000 men, with seventy-two batteries of heavy calibre. The enemy then made several assaults, which were successfully re-

pelled by our troops ; but provisions became so scarce, that the garrison was compelled to kill horses.

The superior number of the insurgent forces before Arad, as well as the complete want of provisions and ammunition, induced the valourous F. M. L. Berger to consent to an honourable capitulation, the conditions being free departure of the garrison, which took place on the 1st July. The insurgent Chief, Danijanich, then took the command of this fortress, which post he maintained during the war.

When our brigade encamped before New Arad, and in a few days later Old Arad, the fortress, now besieged for the second time, was still in the hands of the insurgents, although the surrender of the fortress was expected almost daily, negotiations to that effect having been commenced by the garrison, who had sent *Parlamentaires* to Kissy Jenó, to meet General Butur on his way to F. Z. M. Baron Haynau, whither he had been sent by Prince Paskiewitch, with the important news of Gorgey's surrender.

The insurgents offered to capitulate to General Rudiger on honourable conditions. On receiving

this report from General Buturhu, General Rudiger directed him to send for Gorgey, who was at Kissy Jenó, accompanied by the chief of the general staff of the 3rd corps, in order that he might represent to the *Parlamentaires* the incongruity of their demands.

On his arrival, Gorgey declared himself ready to write to the commandant of Arad, and induce him to agree to an unconditional surrender; he at the same time also addressed two letters containing similar requests to the commandants of Peterwardein and Comorn. Whilst this negotiation had been carried on, Colonel Chrulew of the artillery reported to General Rudiger, that on the occasion of his passing in the vicinity of Arad, when *en route* to put himself in communication with F. Z. M. Baron Haynau, the garrison had offered to allow him to occupy the fortress, as soon as he should be provided with the necessary orders from General Rudiger. General Buturhu, having received the letters of General Rudiger and Gorgey to the commandant of the fortress at Arad, repaired thither. He reached Arad on the 15th, and sent both letters to the commandant, who gave his reply at 10 o'clock in the morning of the

16th ; upon this the commandant was offered two hours to consider, with the intimation that at 12 o'clock the Russian squadrons of Colonel Chrulew's corps would quit Old Arad, and all communication between the Russians and the fortress cease, in which case the blockading and taking of the fortress would then be left to Count Schlick.

After a lapse of two hours, a Major of the staff appeared before General Buturhu as *Parlementaire*, and brought the conditions of the capitulation, wherein a general amnesty for the garrison was demanded. General Buturhu, however, insisted on their unconditional surrender, and declared that the garrison would be dealt with precisely as Gorgey's corps. At the request of the *Parlementaire*, General Buturhu repaired himself to the commandant of the fortress, and after an hour's negotiation it was decided to deliver the fortress into the hands of the Russians on the following conditions :—To grant, 1st, 48 hours to the garrison to quit ; 2nd, On the 17th at 3 o'clock the garrison in the fortress should stand in rank and file, lay down their arms, and be escorted to Sarkad by one squadron of Hussars and 50 Cossacks ;

3rd, After their departure the fortress with all the government property, arms, and ammunition, was to be given up to the Austrians. The officers of the garrison having agreed to those terms, the capitulation was carried into effect on the 17th August.

It may be imagined that we were not a little delighted at the surrender of the fortress, which we had awaited with extreme impatience, for all hostilities having ceased since Gorgey's surrender, the service allotted to us was one of the most disagreeable for the soldier. The day preceding the capitulation of Arad we had an outpost skirmish, which I believe was almost the last of the Hungarian campaign, and the origin of this unnecessary attack was ludicrous enough.

The insurgents drove a herd of oxen, about 120 in number, to water into the Moros, but the poor animals, probably tired of the dry food offered them within the fortress, and enticed by the tantalizing green of the meadows on the opposite bank, swam across to us, and were of course at once taken possession of by our men. The enemy, enraged at being thus deprived of their cattle, immediately sent a strong infantry

patrol, which was followed by a detachment of Hussars in boats, who all made for our shores. When they had come within shot, a hot fire was opened on both sides, which ended in the retreat of the patrol, and a few were wounded on our side.

This superfluous hostility might have been avoided, since it was already generally known that the fortress would surrender the next day, with all provisions and war materials. We occupied the fortress on the 17th of August, and on the 28th received an order to take up quarters in Old Arad.

It is scarcely possible to describe the joy with which we broke up our gipsy-like huts; though, for my part, I could not find myself at home in the confinement of a room for many a day, after having been accustomed to a four months' continual bivouac. But I must acknowledge that I quickly learned to appreciate comforts which I had been deprived of for so long a period, and soon felt the difference between a house and a camp, and was keenly alive to that, between a warm dry bed and the wet grass. I no longer watched the clouds, in unpleasant anticipation of a cold shower-bath, and once more listened with perfect

indifference to the rain pattering on my windows. The garrison who capitulated in the fortress of Arad consisted of 3768 men, besides which no less than 143 guns, as well as considerable provisions, were found. General Buturhu gave the fortress into the hands of General Count Schlick the same evening.

When Gorgey's surrender became known, no further resistance was attempted by the different insurgent corps, who laid down their arms, in consequence of which all hostilities ceased. I will, therefore, now give a short account of the most important capitulations which followed that of Arad almost immediately, including Peterwardein and Munkacz. General Luders having been informed that a strong corps, with 15 guns, had rallied under Bem and Guyon, between Dobra and Cesm, sent a *Parlementaire* to the commandant, calling on him to surrender, but Bem refused to listen to any proposals of capitulation, upon which General Luders ordered General Engelhardt to take up a strong position at Deva, which had been blown up accidentally.

Shortly after, however, *Parlementaires* were sent on the part of the insurgents, who stated that

Bem and Guyon, having taken their departure, the corps were willing to capitulate. The necessary arrangements were immediately made by General Luders, and on the afternoon of the 18th, twelve battalions infantry, and eight squadrons of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Beckers, laid down their arms, and gave up fifty batteries. At the same time, the Magyar detachment at Debra and Hazeg expressed themselves willing to surrender.

After the battle of Temiswar, and the consecutive events, F. M. Z. Baron Haynau ordered a strict pursuit of the different insurgent corps who had separated on their flight, and hurried, one part from Lugos by Focset, to the Maros towards Deva; the other across Karausches towards Mehadia. The third corps d'armée, the reserve, and the cavalry division Wallmoden, were employed in the pursuit. On the 19th, a Magyar division, under the command of Lazar, consisting of 5000 men, infantry and cavalry, and 19 batteries, surrendered by *Karansebes* to the Imperial Austrian Brigade of General Baron Simbschen, and on the same day, 72 batteries, and 100 baggage waggons, which had been

left behind by Vecsey's corps, fell into the hands of the Imperial troops. On the 22nd, the corps of Vecsey, consisting of 555 officers, 7443 men, two batteries, eight flags, seven standards, and 1667 cavalry horses, laid down their arms to General Rudiger, at Barosy-Jeno, and Count Vecsey himself, at the head of 2000 men, surrendered to the Russian troops before Grosswardien.

On the 16th August, Field Marshal Prince Paskeiwitch had ordered General Karlowitch to the Berg Comitats, in the east of Hungary, in order to clear it of the different insurgent corps, and to observe the fortress of Munkaez. General K——, having acted with the greatest circumspection, the fortress, consisting of 361 men, and 21 guns, surrendered on the 20th August to the Russian General, who then returned to Kaschan, having occupied Munkaez with one battalion. On the 25th, the insurgent corps under Kossiney, 12,000 men, and 56 cannons, had laid down their arms to General Grotenhichn.

Thus, the most important part of the insurgent army in Hungary was dissolved, the different corps had surrendered mostly to the Russian

Russian army, some to the Austrian army, and the rest had succeeded in escaping to Turkey, with a considerable number of superior officers, and insurgent leaders, amongst whom were Kossuth, Bem, Dembinsky, Guyon, Casimir, Batthyany, and many others.

The guerilla bands which still infested the country, are scarcely worth noticing. But the two fortresses, Peterwardein and Comorn, still held out, hoping to obtain more favourable conditions than their companions in arms had done. In the meantime, General Grabbe, employed in the pacification of the eastern mountainous district of Hungary, had reached Neusobl on the 16th with his corps, having proceeded by Potnok, Rimce, Sombat, and Losonej ; and on the 19th, General Panintin quitted the Austrian army with his corps, and marched from Kisy Falu to Arad, and from thence to Uj St. Anna, where he united himself to the third corps d'armée.

Before we take leave of General Panintin, I cannot refrain from adding, that he had won the esteem of the Austrian army and her eminent leaders. He had shared the hardships of the most toilsome marches, and the days at Zsigard

before Comorn, and at Theiss, gave brilliant proofs of the sagacious disposition of General Panintin, and the bravery of the Russian troops ; who, nobly vieing with the rival valour of the Austrian army, thus soon obtained decisive conquests, and the distinguished services rendered by General Panintin, as well as his military abilities, were fully acknowledged and appreciated by F. Z. M. Baron Haynau, the Generals Count Schlick, and Wohlgemuth, and it may be added the army in general.

On the 7th of September, the garrison of the fortress Peterwardein surrendered unconditionally, having assured themselves of the fact, that the insurrection was suppressed throughout Hungary ; and that, as they could not under those circumstances entertain any hope of capitulating on specific conditions, further resistance would only aggravate their condition. Colonel Maniula of the engineers, was then directed to arrange the preliminaries of the surrender of Peterwardein.

Comorn was now the only fortress that still remained in the hands of the insurgents. The imposing force before Comorn, consisting of 248 companies, 20 companies rifle, 23 squadrons of

cavalry, and 138 batteries, on the whole 51,808, men, Austrian troops, and 1840 horses, and the Imperial Russian division under General Grabbe, composed of 16,000, could at any moment have besieged and taken Comorn, but the government determined on being lenient and merciful in this instance, for several reasons. First, it was essential to gain this last point d'appui of the insurrection, without loss of time. Secondly, to prevent further sacrifice of human life. Thirdly, to avoid the heavy expenses of besieging Comorn, and restore the commercial intercourse to the unhappy country, from the interruption from which it had suffered so much.

On the 28th, F. M. Count Schlick, accompanied by a field commissary, and the requisite officers of artillery and engineers, repaired to Comorn, to make the necessary preparations with the commandant, for the surrender of the fortress. The conditions granted by His Majesty to the garrison were the following. 1st. Free departure of the garrison without arms, with the exception of the officers, who were permitted to retain their swords. All officers who had previously served in the Austrian army, will obtain passports to foreign coun-

tries; but those who do not wish to avail themselves of this offer, are at liberty to return to their homes, with the exception of those who should express a wish to enlist. The Honved officers are permitted to return to their homes, without reservation as to their future employments. A general amnesty is granted to the deserters from the Imperial regiments; and they, as well as those who were promoted to the rank of officer during the insurrection, and all compromised, are set free, and will not be further prosecuted, or tried by law. 2nd. All those will obtain passports to foreign countries who apply within thirty days. 3rd. The officers will receive a month's, and the soldiers ten days' pay. 4th. In order to enable the garrison in the fortress to make a compensation for the liabilities incurred, a sum of 500,000 florins (£50,000) will be paid to them. 5th. The soldiers on the sick list, or those crippled in the hospitals, will be provided for. 6th. Moveable as well as immoveable property, may be retained. 7th. The place, time, and way of laying down the arms will be determined on later. 8th. The hos-

tilities to cease immediately. On the 3rd and 4th, strong detachments of Honveds left the fortress.

Such were the conditions agreed to, and on the 2nd of October the occupation of Comorn by Austrian troops was commenced. On that day, the bridge head of the Danube and the Sandberg were taken possession of, on the 3rd the old fortress and the town, and on the 4th the Palatinal line and the bridge head of the Waag were occupied, and thus the Imperial standard waved again from the walls of Comorn. God grant that, placed in powerful hands, it may never more be superseded by foreign colours!

The formation of the Imperial allied forces gives the rare example of two armies directed by two able leaders, who though acting on different principles, and independently of each other, yet accomplished the task entrusted to them by united and well combined operations. Prince Paskiewitch, anxious to suppress the insurrection by a skilful disposal of imposing masses which he placed in the field, occupied the most important strategic points, hoping thus to render resistance

impracticable, and bring the war to a speedy issue with as little bloodshed as possible.

F. M. L. Baron Haynau, inspired by the noblest patriotism, ensured the army under his command an active and, for the glory of the Austrian arms, a brilliant part in the operations. Well combined movements and circumspection illustrated the plans of the operations of the Russian general, whilst those of the Austrian field-marshal were characterized by an eager desire to come up with and bring the enemy to action. The Russian General had to deal with the better part of the insurgent army, led on by a skilful leader, and saw at a glance that the differences existing between him and the other insurgent leaders paralyzed his movements.

The Austrian field-marshal, on the other hand, soon became aware that the insurgent army placed opposite to him, being indifferently organized, and under the command of a bold but ignorant leader, would march to the field with reluctance. Thus that part of the insurgent army whose powers were paralyzed was forced to surrender, whilst that part which appeared in the

field discovered that they could not compete with the valour of the Austrian army, and were beaten.

The 25th of August will ever remain indelibly impressed on my memory. On that day Gorgey's army, which had surrendered on the 13th at Villagos, arrived under a strong escort. The corps consisted of thirteen generals, amongst whom were Nagy, Sandor, Linkay, Aulich, Poltenberg, Damjanich, Kiss, and several others, then 4000 officers and 13,000 sub-officers and privates, and 144 guns. The thirteen generals, as well as those officers who had previously served in the Austrian army, were sent to the fortress. The other officers and the 13,000 men encamped in two different plains, within a short distance of the town.

Amongst the cannon taken from Gorgey, I found one of French manufacture, with the republican motto, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and also one of Venetian make. As the line of prisoners passed on, I recognised several friends and acquaintances amongst them with deep regret.

In the course of the afternoon, I repaired to the

camp, and I confess that a sad feeling stole over me as I contemplated the fate of these unfortunate men, which yet was deserved. I was not a little astonished to find thousands of vehicles, of all descriptions, drawn up in several lines, laden with women and children, wives and daughters of the officers, who had followed the army during the campaign. But I was still more astonished to find that most of the insurgent officers had married since the commencement of the insurrection, and rendered the credulous young beings who had confided in them indescribably unhappy, since most of the insurgent officers, excepting those of a higher rank, were quite poor people, who grasped the sword with pleasure, fine promises of a bright future and high pay having been held out to them, but possessing nothing now on this wide earth. Their families are penniless.

I was painfully affected to find Capt. M—— of the Micolaus Hussars, who had deserted his colours, amongst the prisoners. Handsome and gay, he had ever been the pride of his regiment. We had not met since 1846, when his prospects were most brilliant, and he was on the eve of marriage with the very pretty and only daughter of a dis-

tinguished General in the Austrian service. We saluted each other. A momentary flush overspread his handsome features, then he was pale as death—I not less so from emotion. His wife's name trembled on my lips, and I dared not ask him about her lest I should inflict unnecessary pain; but, at that moment, a familiar voice called out Baron P——. I turned, and to my horror beheld his young wife, but little accustomed to such scenes, and his infant daughter. I scarcely knew what to say; consolation I could offer none, and so I stood motionless before her.

When last we met, it was at a ball given by the Countess R——, whose husband was Governor of a Circle in Bohemia. We were old acquaintances, and had often danced together. Well I remember her blooming with youth and beauty—how she accepted my congratulations on her approaching marriage with smiles and blushes.

Little did we both dream, in that happy hour, where and under what circumstances our next meeting would take place. At last, she stammered out—

“ Oh, Baron P——, what a change since we met—I am very unhappy.”

Her voice faltered, and her tears gushed forth. I pressed her hand in silence, and offered my services as far as it lay in my power. She shook her head mournfully. Captain M—— was unfortunately deeply implicated, and she was therefore fully aware that her happiness was blighted for life. Deeply attached to him, she looked sadly on his handsome countenance, and then asked me—

“Where is the Baroness?”

“In England,” I replied.

“Oh, when you write, remember me to her, and tell her of my misfortunes—she will pity me.”

She turned away to press her infant to her aching heart, and I am not ashamed to confess that I felt choked with emotion as I gazed after her retreating form—so young, and so unhappy.

M—— was stern and silent; and I feel convinced that if he ever regretted his error, he must have been keenly alive to it at that moment, in which happier times were recalled so forcibly to his mind by my presence. We had often met when his father-in-law commanded the Rifle Regiment as Colonel, in K——g, an hour's drive only from our quarters. He had taken his wife from

a happy home, for her parents idolized her; and now what was her fate! How sad I felt on leaving the camp; how the image of that unfortunate lady and her child haunted me; how I pitied her, and in the course of that long night I remembered her bright smiles when officiating beside her mother at the tea-table, in all the enjoyment of unalloyed happiness. I remembered the spirit with which she danced at her mother's balls, and I rushed from my bed to look out at the moon and stars, that I might forget her, but still her sad, pale features recurred to my memory.

How could M——, whom I had always thought so highly of, forget his duty, and prepare such sorrows for his young wife? As I left Arad shortly after, I do not know what became of her, but she probably returned to her family in Bohemia.

The condition in which we found the men of the insurgent army was most deplorable. Their clothing was reduced to rags, and their half-starved appearance could not fail to awaken pity, and gave us the firm assurance that further resistance became morally impossible from the moment that the army had reached that point of disorganization.

Unconditional surrender was, therefore, its only alternative; for, by the rapid advance of our army, provisions became scarcer every day, and there had been such a want latterly even of bread that the poor Honveds were quite emaciated, and many of them died of starvation.

Shortly after the capitulation of Arad, I went with my battalion to Szimand, to take charge of a transport of 4000 prisoners, and on that occasion I had an opportunity of seeing how dreadfully these poor soldiers must have suffered by their rapid retreat. On quitting Arad, I was informed of the destitution of the Honveds, and we actually took four large waggons of bread to save the half-famished people, but notwithstanding this precaution several died on the road of starvation. The Honved officers as well as the men were enlisted according to their capacities into the different regiments. By degrees, the numerous camps were dissolved, and all traces of this sanguinary civil war disappeared, albeit there are scars which only time can heal. The concentrated troops dispersed into the different garrisons, and thus many regiments who had fought side by side, had shared

toil and pleasure, separated perhaps never to meet again.

Our regiment soon afterwards marched to Grosswardein, which we were ordered to garrison. We reached it on the 17th of September, and on the same day I was invited through General Count Schlick to dine with him at Baron B——'s, the Bishop of Grosswardein, who inhabited a splendid palace. It was well known that Baron B—— was a partisan of the so-called Hungarian faction, which did not however prevent him from giving toasts to the Imperial family and his Majesty's Generals. There is scarcely any further record to make of the Campaign, which had terminated at last.

We remained at Grosswardein until the 7th of November, when we received orders to march to Keszthely on the Platten sea. We regretted leaving Grosswardein, as the hospitality of F. M. L. Prince Leichtenstein and F. M. Count Wallmoden, who both entertained a good deal, rendered Grosswardein an extremely agreeable garrison. We reached Keszthely, which is a very pretty village, and belongs to Count Tassilo Festetics, on the 4th of December. The scenery is charming and most

romantic, the chateau and grounds are magnificent. The Platten sea affords excellent fishing in summer, so that on the whole it promises to become an agreeable scene of rest and relaxation after the arduous labours of a year's campaign.

MEMOIR
OF
KOSSUTH.

MEMOIR
OF
K O S S U T H.

Lajos* Kossuth was born on the 27th of April, 1806, in the miserable little village of *Monok*, in the *Zemplines Yespannschaft*,† in the north of Hungary, and was the son of poor parents. It is true that his father was a Sclavonian gentleman; notwithstanding which, he was however, compelled to support himself by hard labour, and his earnings barely sufficed to support his family.

In the days of his boyhood, Kossuth already gave symptoms of that pride and ambition, which have proved his ruin, and led him to misapply those talents, by which he might, in the legal path, have benefited his country, whereas, the curse of Hungary now rests upon him.

As a child, he scorned to associate with the

* Lewis.

† County, or shire.

children of the village, and passed his days in dangerous solitude, on the shores of the wild and stormy *Indawa*, whilst his father was ploughing at home. Kossuth's parents were Protestants, and the young clergyman (with whose name we are not acquainted) of a neighbouring village, having discovered in some conversations which he had had with the boy, that he was gifted with a quick and clear intellect, undertook to educate him.

To this clergyman, Kossuth is indebted for the first rudiments of knowledge; which, by gradually developing his mind, awoke in him the desire to become acquainted with the world. This wish was sooner to be gratified than he imagined, for duty called the clergyman to a distant part of the country, his parents* soon after died of an epidemic, which carried away most of the inhabitants of the town, and Kossuth stood a penniless orphan, alone in the world. Some of his relations raised a subscription amongst themselves, which enabled him to continue his studies in the college of a neighbouring town, where he progressed

* According to some authors, his mother is still alive, and pompously gave him her blessing when he achieved his glorious entry into Pesth.

rapidly. His favourite study was history, and even at that early age, his propensity for democracy might be traced in his glowing enthusiasm for the rebel, *Rakoczy*, whose heroic deeds no pupil knew so well, or told with such zeal, as the boy Kossuth; in whose childish heart the seed of rebellion ripened, until he longed to follow the footsteps of the celebrated chief, whose audacity and bravery had made such a deep impression on his enthusiastic, ardent disposition, that even the crimes of his favourite became virtues in his eyes. This application, coupled with talents of a high order, soon made him the best scholar, as well as the pride of the college; and his tutors often remarked, that whilst his companions sought recreation, he would retire to his room, so absorbed in the history of those times, which were so vividly brought to his mind by the books which he was perusing, that the mouldered skeletons of the Hungarian heroes seemed to rise before him, and instil into his youthful soul the desire to complete what they had commenced. Up to his eighteenth year, Kossuth remained at college. He had, during his stay there, learned what no other of his competitors could have accomplished; and

feeling himself capable of seeking his subsistence, he entered the university of Pesth in the year 1826, where he pursued the same mode of life as in the days of his boyhood. Politics then became his favourite topic ; and he studied the parliamentary history of England and France, in order to acquire that knowledge so necessary to his future plans, and with a view of preparing himself for the path on which he had determined to enter.

The chief feature in his character had, in his earliest youth, been *independence*, which gradually assumed a republican feeling ; and his associates and friends sometimes expressed their fears, when he gave vent to his revolutionary ideas and sentiments which were congenial to his nature, and perhaps had derived nourishment from the very fact, that Kossuth spent the best years of his life in poverty and necessity ; from which he was only extricated by the unexpected offer made him by some of the deputies, who knowing him to be a skilful notary, employed him to transact the business which fell to their share, for the different comitats. Kossuth accepted their offer, and was thus placed in the position to be able to follow at leisure those studies for which he had so much predilection.

From this new office Kossuth derived two-fold advantages; firstly, he became intimately connected with the people; secondly, he was made acquainted with the different parties that composed the Hungarian Parliament.

We must pass over some years, during which Kossuth's new office gave him numerous opportunities of securing to himself the hearts of the people in some parts of Hungary, by what means is a question we cannot now enter upon. Suffice it to say, that Kossuth's clear and quick intellect had not been long in discovering, how he could win the loyal Hungarians, in whose hearts existed none of the hatred Kossuth sought to inspire them with, by the manner in which he represented the Austrian government as Hungary's deadliest foe, and, taking advantage of the vulnerable points of attack, to which every government is more or less liable, no matter what its form. He did not scruple to lower the esteem of the people for the sovereign, by every means in his power, and having won their confidence through the medium of his eloquence and apparent love of liberty, he undermined secretly and steadily the loyalty of a portion of the Hungarian nation, by exaggerat-

ing existing errors of government, and conjuring up imaginary wrongs which Kossuth's prolific imagination generated *ad libitum*; he won proselytes for the ambitious scheme that lay engendered in his heart from his earliest youth, only awaiting the opportune moment when it might be safely brought into operation. He little thought then, that the slumbering democratic tendencies throughout Europe, which first saw light when communism defiled the purity of religion, and socialism the soul of Europe, vowing death to those possessed of property, and breathing hope to all who had none, would supply him with the weapons to bring destruction on the country he *professed* to love.

In the year 1827, Kossuth was called to the bar and made his *début* as speaker in the Comitats House for the opposition, and in the year 1832, he brought himself into particular notice by publishing the parliamentary proceedings in Hungary. The origin of these reports is singular enough. It appears that, soon after the opening of the Imperial Diet, the States decided on publishing a circular reporting the debates, and ordered the President of the Circle to appoint the editors.

A meeting was held for that purpose at Wesselényi's, where Kossuth, Oross, and Charles Hajnik, appeared as candidates for the editorships, but the aristocratic deputies who were assembled received them coldly, and confined themselves simply to giving their unbiassed opinion as to the merits of an article written by Kossuth, and read aloud on that occasion as a proof of his capacity. The three candidates were elected, but the Arch-Duke Palatine protested against Kossuth on the grounds that he could not permit any other than individuals of unblemished reputation to fill such an important post.

Not one voice was raised in his favour, and Count George Andrassy even expressed openly the mistrust he entertained towards Kossuth, upon which both Oross and Kossuth were excluded, and they subsequently published conjointly the debates of the Provincial Diet, by subscription, on their own account, which appeared first under the name of Oross, who had already acquired literary reputation by his work in 1830, on the Diet, but after a few months, he withdrew from the partnership, his principles being more conservative, whilst those of Kossuth assumed too revolutionary

a tendency. The next production that appeared was his essay on the instructions of the Diet, which caused a great sensation, and heightened his popularity to such a degree that the Ablegates of the Comitats invited him to their table, and even permitted him to take part in their conferences, for the opposition was delighted at length to have found an organ in Kossuth by which their sentiments were conveyed before the people; and thus matters went on, till at length, in 1835, the Austrian Government considered itself justified in confiscating the journal, of which Kossuth was the editor, and to forbid its publication.

A month later, Wesselényi appeared in the Assembly, with a packet of papers under his arm, and spoke as follows—"It is the duty of a patriot to act, when words are not sufficient; wherefore I have acted. I have provided myself with a lithographic press, and herewith inform you that the printing of our journal is in full progress. I am the printer myself, and have the happiness to present you with the first copies—here they are!" Saying this, he laid several on the table. The impression produced by the above may be imagined. All present, electrified as it were, pressed

round him, with cheers and exclamations, returning him thanks; and Kossuth again became the editor of this new journal.

Caring little for confiscation, he increased the number of his writers, and found himself richly rewarded by the extensive sale of this paper. But his triumph was of short duration. The Austrian Government thought it time to interfere, and destroy with one blow the revolutionary tendencies which were so publicly manifested; and on the 6th of February, 1835, the Archduke Palatine closed the parliament, in the name of his sovereign. The journal was seized, and Count Zichy instructed to confiscate the press, and intimate the intention of the government to Kossuth, which he did in person.

Kossuth handed the key of his lodgings to the Count, who, however, declined to accept it, and insisted on Kossuth's delivering up his press himself, which he was eventually compelled to do. Kossuth, far from being deterred by the measures government had adopted, continued to write pamphlets, which were privately circulated; wherefore, all persons connected with the publication of those revolutionary papers, which tended to disturb the

public peace, were shortly afterwards tried for high treason, and condemned to three years imprisonment in Ofen.

It was in that very prison Kossuth swore hatred and revenge to the imperial house of Habsburg; and, up to the day that he left Hungary for Turkey, every act of his was a fulfilment of that oath, given with all the animosity of his nature towards a monarchical system. Not that his hatred for Austria dated from that period—no, for it had grown up with him, he had felt it steal on him as a boy, until it took possession of his soul, and eventually furnished him with the energy and enthusiasm so indispensable to his ambitious design, which, being matured in the hotbed of liberty, threatened to ripen before its time had come. But such was his aversion to Austria, that he boasted never to have been in the capital; and when compelled to go there on one occasion for the transaction of some business, he piqued himself on reaching the Imperial city at night, and leaving it before daybreak, that he might still be able to say he had never seen Vienna. This fact Kossuth mentioned himself, and it is well known that he only saw

the capital of Austria on the day of his own grandeur.

In the year 1837, an amnesty being granted to political offenders by the government, including Kossuth, he was set at liberty; but no sooner had he left the prison-walls behind him, than he became the deadly antagonist of the Austrian Government, and having joined the democratic faction in Hungary, again edited a new journal called "Pesti Hirlap," which afforded him a renewed opportunity of calumniating the Imperial Government, and may be considered the counterfeit of the book written by the Abbé Sieyes, known under the name of "Qu'est-ce que le Tiers Etat?" and which acted like magic, when it appeared in France at the end of the last century. Kossuth, quite aware of the efficacy of *his* journal, estimated it to be worth 50,000 bayonets.

We must now necessarily pass over a lapse of ten years, during which Kossuth was the volcano of Hungary, that we may approach the period when he attracted the attention of Europe, and became the idol of red republicans. In the year 1847, he was elected deputy for Pesth; and the extravagant sums spent by some of the members

of the Batthyany family opened the doors of the lower chamber to the bombastic speaker, who was elected a member of the Assemblée Constituante; and whilst Count Louis Batthyany lent his name and influence to the opposition party, of which he became the duped leader, Kossuth was constituted the speaker, being in fact the engine by which the Hungarian rebellion was directed. And when, in the memorable year 1848, an infuriated mob hurled the House of Orleans from the throne of France, because the nobility were powerless, the army at zero, and the people omnipotent, Kossuth was the first to instill into the Hungarians the desire of furnishing a second act to the tragedy enacted in the French capital, forgetting that Austria possessed an army far too loyal to remain neutral when the throne was in danger, far too proud of its ancient honour and glory, earned with the blood of their forefathers, to hand down to posterity a *tainted* fame.

But Kossuth, carried away by the success which crowned democracy in France, dazzled by ambition, and aware of the combustible elements at his command with which the Austrian empire might be blown up, provided that Pesth proved

a second Paris, and Hungary a twin brother of France, nursed the delusive dream that on the fragments of the Austrian monarchy he would erect a mighty Republic, which should shelter under her wing Poland, Italy, and Germany.

Bright visions of future grandeur passed before him; in one he was the Washington, in another Lewis the First of Hungary, and so bewildered was he by the incense of flattery offered to him so indiscriminately by the press of foreign nations, which, ignorant of the real state of things in Hungary, did not approve from conviction, or a knowledge of *facts*, but simply because Kossuth pointed to a splendid picture in the distance, which portrayed Hungary great and powerful under his guidance.

So lost in admiration were both the exhibitor and the spectators, that none perceived till *too late*, how the picture turned out to be but a *fata morgana* which disappeared on their approach, leaving in its stead a devastated country, with the reeking corpses of her mutilated children. Kossuth's *love* for his country, however, did not permit him to take into consideration the misery and destruction which he created with every day

from a feeling of the *purest patriotism, perhaps!* And thinking only of his own greatness, he by degrees severed the bonds which proved an impediment to the object in view.

Hope, fear, and ambition must alike have influenced him on the 3rd of March, when he held forth an inflammatory speech, which, though clad in constitutional forms, yet savoured strongly of republicanism.

It was a firebrand thrown into the very heart of the empire with a masterly hand, and found a ready echo and steady support with the numerous democratic factions of Austria, the chiefs of which were for the most part *foreigners*, the refuse of every nation, who, like Kossuth, had nothing to lose, but all to gain.

This speech breathing republicanism, and sending out its venom against the government, was distributed by Kossuth's agents and read publicly in Vienna in all coffee-houses to thousands of eager listeners. Ambition, not love for his country, was the mainspring of his actions.

Kossuth's motto was "*L'Hongrie à present c'est moi,*" and calling to aid his talents, he succeeded in deluding his partizans and blinding

Europe. One nation only he could not deceive, and that was Croatia, where the corrupt seed of democracy fell on barren ground, for their loyalty could not be shaken by Kossuth's glowing speeches or his reign of terror, whilst most of the provinces of the Austrian empire were on the *qui vive*.

Before we touch upon the period which shews Kossuth "Minister of the Finances," we must refer to a statement made by the *Kossuth faction*, that they took no part in the revolution of Vienna. We have already remarked the effect produced by Kossuth's somewhat republican speech on the 3rd of March, in the streets of Pesth, let us now read one held forth in the streets of Vienna, after the first revolution of March, for which purpose we translate an extract from a book called "Hungary's latest History," by Frey, an admirer of Kossuth, who writes thus:—

"The news of the revolution had scarcely reached Hungary, when the noble-minded Magyars determined to assist the Viennese in their struggle against tyranny; and on the 15th of March, several transports of Hungarians arrived in Vienna; amongst them was Lajos Kossuth, who, borne on the shoulders of four powerful

Magyars, addressed the inhabitants of Vienna, exhorting *them not to rest there, not to be satisfied with the concessions which they had bought with their blood*, but to *hurry on* in the path of revolution.

“Citizens of Vienna,” said Kossuth, “do not be too much overjoyed, do not think you have obtained *all* that is required to make a people free. Cast a glance around, Citizens, and you will see that although the *absolute power* is broken, the tools of that power are still in existence : as yet the haughty and insolent “*Bureaucratic*” still feasts on the blood of the people ; as yet the *aristocratic* landlord still enriches himself with the sweat of his tenants ; as yet, a *dangerous* Soldateska*, grown grey in the service of despotism, stands opposed to the sovereignty of the people—for that body is at all times ready to obey the word of command of his General-in-Chief and officer, bows blindly to the despotic will of his owner, the Emperor, no matter what the tenor of that command may be—Citizens of Vienna, once more I

* On what Bureau was the Army dependent ?—*On that of War !* Who was the Chief of that Department ?—*Count Latour !* Therefore that one sentence of Kossuth explains Latour's murder.

say unto you, be on your guard and do not trust too much to the promises of a member of the Dynasty."

The Hungarians, says the author of "Hungary's latest History," took advantage of the days of March, at a time when the dynasty was powerless, to demand those concessions boldly, which had long been the secret wish of the opposition party—"Independence." The reader may draw his own conclusion from the above, whether the blood spilt in Vienna in the days of March and October, may be laid at the door of Hungarian agents, or not!

On the return of the Hungarian deputation from Vienna to Presburg, the Diet was dissolved, and Count Louis Batthyany appointed to form a new Ministry, which was composed as follows:—Premier—Count Louis Batthyany, the duped leader of the opposition party.

Foreign Affairs—Prince Esterhazy; liberal, but a stanch Royalist; retired from the Ministry when he found his principles at variance with those of the opposition.

Justice—F. Deak; withdrew before the dangerous stake was being gambled for.

Minister of the Interior—B. Syemere; was an intimate friend of Kossuth; it is therefore unnecessary to comment on his political views.

War department—Missaros; was a tolerable soldier, but a bad politician.

Religion—Baron Eotoos; a talented author; he also retired when he saw the sinister aspect affairs were taking.

Commerce—G. Klauzal; was one of the many champions of liberty who sprang up in the year 1848.

Public Works—Count Szecheny; one of the very few who had the welfare of his country really at heart, with whom patriotism was not a mask, and whose scientific knowledge is well known. He was, to his honour be it said, a political opponent of Kossuth's, and subsequently became deranged.

Minister of Finances—Kossuth; here we will only say, "It is long before Hungary can recover from his system of *improving* its financial condition, and centuries must pass, ere the numerous families who were wealthy before the revolution, and now are beggared, will forget the *able* Finance Minister, 'Lajos Kossuth.'"

His post, as Finance Minister, proved a difficult one. Francis Duschess was his prompter, and at a later period, when Kossuth was elected Governor of Hungary, became his successor. Kossuth is reported to have said in private to his friends, "I know that man will deceive me, but unfortunately, I cannot do without him." The first few months, however, passed quietly enough, for Kossuth still adhered to the legitimate path, and consequently had much to combat with the Left, which, though weak in numbers, was yet difficult to pacify, and the actual strength of the ministry only became known on the memorable 11th of July, when Kossuth demanded of the States 200,000 soldiers, and 42 millions of florins.

His speech on that occasion was masterly, his power against the Left annihilating. Nyary, one of the leaders of the opposition, was the first of his party to recover from the stupor into which Kossuth's unexpected demand had thrown them, and called out, "We grant it." The amendment was carried, though a stormy debate followed. Let us now again give an extract from "Frey's Hungary," which will throw some light on Kossuth's character.

The Author says:—"Kossuth remained true to his policy; in one number of his paper, he condemned the re-actionary proceedings of the government, and sought to excite the hatred and bitter feeling of the people against the House of Habsburg: and in another number of his paper he offered the capital *of-the-at-all-times loyal* Hungary, as a place of refuge for his sovereign.

In one article, he attacked the Habsburg dynasty, and endeavoured to annihilate it altogether; in another, he seemed to wish to restore it to its ancient grandeur by Hungarian influence, but his chief aim was to bring about the overthrow of the Austrian ministry, and to erect in its stead a democratic one, which would suit his own views, and prove an omnipotent dangerous enemy to the Imperial House. We will now subjoin one of the many of Kossuth's articles, published in the *Pesti Hirlap*, which says:—

"It is a fact that the Imperial Ministry in Frankfort have issued a command, to the effect that the Imperial troops must wear the German colours, instead of the Austrian; a fact that the Viennese ministry demands soldiers and money to continue the Italian war, of which *we* disap-

prove. I have already expressed myself upon the subject,; the resolution of the house is unalterable; no soldier shall leave Hungary until peace is restored within our own boundaries, unless it be to suppress rebellion directed against our crown.' We must now lay down the book from which we have taken the extract, and reflect upon the last sentence. What could be meant by it? Was the war in Italy not carried on against the King of Hungary? Is the King of Hungary, and the Emperor of Austria, not one and the same person? What, then, did Kossuth mean?

But let us now return to his article; he goes on:—" 'I must add another observation, with an opponent we can only treat as with an enemy; but so far from considering *foreigners* enemies, we wish rather to assure our *fellow-sufferers of foreign extraction*, who at the present moment stand in the field for us, of our sincere acknowledgment of their services. Let the nation, therefore, ratify by a law, that we look upon all those who join the *new order of things* as brothers, and those who distinguish themselves in our service, we shall consider it imperative on our honour

to reward. With regard to the claim of the Austrian ministry on our financial and war departments, I say, rather death, than the smallest concession, for since their re-actionary proceedings lay open before us, we must seek firmly to establish our independence.

Again we lay aside the book to ask the impartial reader: was the above the language of a loyal subject? Was it the language of an upright man, when compared with the subjoined which follows it immediately? It refers to the deputation sent to Innsbruck with a view of inducing the Emperor to take up his residence in Ofen, "because," Kossuth says, "the Emperor could not reign whilst at Innsbruck, and Vienna being dependent on Frankfort, our king is only absolute sovereign in Ofen." He continues thus: "With regard to the separation of the Austrian and Hungarian War and Financial Department, we will merely state, that if Austria considers it important that they should be united, the thought were not too singular that Hungary be chosen instead of Austria.

"Hungary is the greatest of his Majesty's possessions, and the Hungarian crown has also

privileges; there is Gallicia, Dalmatia, and we know of a form to re-annex, which would satisfy these nations with regard to their nationality; perhaps, then, we would even think of treating with Croatia, not on the basis of unity, but even to enter on a compromise. His Majesty would then have two monarchies: one in which he would be absolute sovereign, whose central point would be Ofen, the other dependent on Frankfort, and of which Vienna would be the centre. It is therefore the interest of the latter to adhere to the Imperial German unity, but should the wish of the nation not be realized, why then there are other means of securing Legitimacy. His Majesty was also in the lifetime of his father crowned second King of Hungary, a case which has occurred often in our history.

“The Hungarian nation loves that dear Prince Francis Joseph, who is by birth heir-apparent to the throne, the God of the Hungarians grant that our Lord and King may come amidst us, but if that fervent wish be not gratified, may his Majesty, without diminishing his power, may the most serene and illustrious Archduke Francis, with a sacrifice of paternal love, give us a young king in Francis

Joseph. The Hungarian nation would, like an unconquerable giant, *protect him* even against Hell*. The future of the House of Austria will then be secured, but the Hungarian must pay homage to their king in Ofen."

So spoke Kossuth. The author of the book from which we have taken the above, here indulges in remark of his own, which we give as it stands:

"Verily," he says, "a singular feeling steals over us, when we read that article, and cast a glance towards Hungary, to observe Kossuth's proceeding there. Kossuth, who speaks of the loyalty of the Magyars, of a beloved Prince, Francis Joseph, whom the Hungarian people would willingly see on the throne, because they love and confide in him, now carries on a bloody, annihilating war against that very prince, his present sovereign, whom he proclaimed as excluded from the throne of his forefathers, whose General he also proclaimed a rebel.

His first article contains a bitterly severe attack on the Austrian ministry, and even on the dynasty: in it he considers, "that Austria is bound to

* The literal translation of Kossuth's word .

submit to the Imperial diet at Frankfort, whilst the war in Italy is condemned; the dynasty is even threatened that another ally shall be called in." He says also, "that it would be preferable to join Jellachich and the Croats, than the opponents of liberty." The second part of this production is a combination of sentences, which are insignificant in the Hungarian language, whilst in the German, they sound somewhat like coarse flattery, but if we take the sense into consideration, we only see in it an invitation, clad in such flowery array as to induce the Emperor or the crown Prince, no matter which, but one of the two on whom the fate of Austria depended, to come to Hungary.

Therefore, Kossuth would fain have sought to induce the Emperor to repair to Ofen, by laying before him the petty disadvantages which awaited him in his other provinces, whilst he pourtrayed the fidelity and affection with which the Hungarians regard their king, in vivid colours. It would be difficult to conjecture what the real thoughts and plans of a man who was born a republican may have been.

So much is certain, that Kossuth being well aware that Austria possessed a powerful army, sought to place a hostage in the hands of the nation at any cost. That hostage could only be the Emperor, or the crown Prince.

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In the commencement of September, the warfare of words which threatened to divide the members of the opposition amongst themselves suddenly ceased, more serious matters should be thought of. The Ban of Croatia had completed his armament, the twelve Ablegates, who had been sent to the Diet in Vienna, returned unacknowledged to Pesth, and all the Ministers resigned, upon which a Rescript appeared from the Arch-Duke Palatine to the effect that he had taken the reins of Government *ad interim*. The National Assembly, however, declared, that as the Minister's signature was not attached, the Rescript was a breach of form, and authorized Kossuth and Szemery to resume their posts.

It was in this sitting that Kossuth, who had been indisposed latterly, spoke these well known

words, "The importance of the task requires also a stronger bodily constitution, but I now determine not to be ill." Shortly afterwards, the Club of Equality formed a Welfare Committee, which was forbidden on the morning of the 10th by the chief of police. But Paul Hajnik and Kossuth appeared on the balcony of the Redontengebande, from whence he addressed the assembled multitude in an inflammatory speech. Upon this occasion, Mádrás placed on his head a hat with a scarlet feather, in the same manner that Pailly, the chief of the new municipality, offered a tricoloured cockade to the unfortunate Louis XVI., on the 17th July, 1789. Kossuth, however, very adroitly refused his friend's offer. On the 12th, Count Louis Batthyany signified to the Lower Chamber that he was entrusted with the formation of a new ministry, by his Imperial Highness the Arch-Duke Palatine. Upon this declaration, Kossuth left the ministers' bench, and withdrew to the ultra left.

It was about this time that Kossuth commenced his skilful manœuvre to seduce the regular troops ; however much the fact may be denied, *it was done*. The Hungarian grenadiers, the *elite* of the troops,

were the first tampered with. Emissaries followed them into taverns and public-houses, for the purpose of reducing the soldiers to such a state of intoxication as to render them unconscious of the import of the words they stammered after the emissary in stupified drunkenness; they were the first to break the oath to their sovereign and their country; and when, on recovering from the effects of their fatal intemperance, they were told that they had already committed a breach of discipline—they forsook their colours. This body of troops afterwards composed the “Hungady-Schar.”

The second attempt was on the Infanterie regiment Prussia, who also, in the same state of complete intoxication, tore the imperial colours from their uniforms, and swore to the tricolour. Other regiments, misled by this pernicious example, followed their footsteps, because they were unacquainted with the means by which their comrades had been decoyed from the path of duty. Many disgusting scenes could here be related. Bribery and intoxication were not the worst or the most immoral means chosen to seduce the army.

The revolution in Hungary was to be a miniature of the horrors of the French revolution in the time of Louis XVI: it was the fruits of the legacy left as a curse by Robespierre.

But what must have been the feelings of the loyal soldier when he heard of the degradation and moral depravity of his comrades? how sad to think that, while he stood before the enemy in Italy, now exposed to a tropical heat, then again drenched with rain, struggling with hunger and the assassin's dagger, forsaken by all but God, honour, and the veteran General Radetzky, what must then have been his feelings when, after inconceivable misery, after weeks of fatigue and danger, the post brought him the news from home, that the honour of Austria's army was stained by perfidy—that the laurels which he had gathered, the very conquests bought by the blood of brothers, fathers, sons, were condemned, and their loyalty mourned over, whilst Sardinia's victories were ever announced with pompous words and joyous smiles, and the fall of his beloved fatherland and the monarchy looked on with triumph, or cold indifference?

What must have been the agony of those whose

nearest and dearest relations had fallen for the Imperial cause—some in Italy, others in Hungary—and who saw contempt only was awarded to the loyal, admiration to the traitor, both at home and abroad. But the soldier whose breast was daily exposed to the murderous balls of the enemy, whose only consolation in that hour was glory and the consciousness of doing his duty, thought he had a claim at least to the sympathy of every loyal soldier in Europe who wore the epaulette, no matter what his uniform. Neither he, like the perjured, could have a blessing for Kossuth, when, in their last struggle, they felt that his reckless ambition had dug their graves, and caused them to wish for death, that they might no longer witness the scenes of horror which passed around them—that they might not hear the cries of agony proceeding from their dying comrades, as the eyes of one were being scooped out, whilst others' limbs were cut from the yet quivering body, amidst cries of "Eljiu Kossuth!"

And could those misguided men who fought with a courage worthy of a better cause, and yet became guilty of such barbarous acts as those mentioned above, now rise from their bloody

tombs to judge him, who had conjured up every ensnaring vice to entice them from the path of duty, and with his eloquence instilled that fearful hatred of nationality, which excited them to such savage, demon-like acts—he would have been torn asunder by the very men whose cheers once called a smile to his anxious features.

From that period, the confusion in Pesth became more alarming every day. It was reported that Count Telecki and the officers of the Drau refused to fight against the Croats, whilst Count Louis Batthyany declared on the evening of the 16th September, that he had ceased to be President of the Council, as the Ban of Croatia had not been ordered to desist from his march against Hungary. Kossuth called the House to a confidential meeting on the 20th September: however, the first bloody encounter had already taken place between the Magyars and two Croatian divisions, and Kossuth left Pesth on the 24th September, with the threat, never to return, unless at the head of 150,000 men.

He possessed the art of creating armies out of the bowels of the earth, by his eloquence; and, on the 27th of September, he returned,

and with a sword by his side, took his seat in Parliament at the moment that Mádrás thundered a protest against the Imperial decree and against the newly-elected Imperial Commissary, Count Lamberg. Kossuth increased the excitement that reigned, and Count Lamberg was prohibited from obeying the orders he had received from his Sovereign.

Whether Count Lamberg ought to have obeyed the arrogant mandate of a rebellious Parliament, and been a traitor, instead of disregarding their republican orders, seems to have puzzled many, although there could be but one opinion on the subject, for whatever the errors of the Government may have been, Count Lamberg ought not to have fallen a victim to his loyalty. There lay only two paths before the ill-fated nobleman—that of honour, or dishonour—he chose the former, and though he paid for it with his life, it was far better that he died thus, than to have perjured himself. It is not our intention to enter upon the particulars of this fearful deed, or to name the authors, there is one Tribunal before which the bloody shadows of the murdered Counts Lamberg and Latour, as also that of the unfortunate Count

Zichy, will appear to condemn the murderers.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that it took place on the day following the threatening and inflammatory speeches made by Kossuth and Madarás to an excited multitude. It was on the 28th of September, that Count Lamberg was torn out of the carriage, on his way to the *Redoutue Gebaude*, by a savage people, and a hundred scythes pierced the ill-fated Count, whose mutilated body was carried in triumph to the Palace of the Invalids, where a bloodthirsty mob brutally wrangled with each other for a piece of the blood-stained shirt.

We have said sufficient to prove the power of Kossuth, and to show that eloquence, when misapplied, may prove a curse instead of a blessing. Kossuth, with his vaunted knowledge of his countrymen, ought to have known that there were limits to be observed, human laws to be respected. On the 9th of October, Kossuth proclaimed the country saved—"Hungary," he said, "was awakened; the lion had only slumbered."

Are we to presume, from the above words, that the first aristocratic blood which flowed in the

streets of Pesth caused the lion to thirst for more. The royal proclamation of the 3rd, dissolving the Diet, threw the house into the greatest state of excitement; and the parliament, carried away by Kossuth's violent speech, formed the resolution of disobeying the command of the King. To the shame of that assembly, be it said, that none rose to defend the rights of the anointed sovereign. On the 8th of October, Kossuth was proposed by Zákó as President of Hungary; and from that moment no Hungarian king reigned with such unlimited power as the former editor of the "Peste Hirlap," for Kossuth well understood the nature and disposition of the Hungarian people. His vaunted eloquence has at different times been strongly questioned; his language does not contain sufficient depth of thought, and partakes too much of the bombastic style of the East. At the same time, it may not be denied that he was a man of great talent, and ever succeeded in making a deep impression on his audience, as the following proofs.

On the 18th of October, previously to Kossuth's embarking for Presburg, he passed in review the Pesth battalion of National Guards, who were

to be his escort. When he appeared, his insignificant figure and plain uniform offered a striking contrast to the handsome and well-built Guido Karaesongi, who commanded the battalion, and the assembled multitude were disappointed; but, from the moment Kossuth opened his lips, he seemed to grow taller and statelier with every word he uttered. On that occasion, he made a speech, bearing some resemblance to the words Napoleon spoke to Count Kobenzl, when he dashed a vase to the ground, which he compared to Austria, as it lay in fragments at his feet.

Soon afterwards, towards the end of October, Prince Windichgräetz stood before Vienna, and Kossuth ostentatiously sent a *parlementaire* from Pahrendorf (his head-quarters at that time), to protest against that General's taking Vienna by storm; but his Highness very properly replied, "I do not treat with rebels."

Then followed the invasion of the Hungarians at Schwechat, where it is well known that the scythemen of Comorn left the field in a most disgraceful manner, calling out, "The hussars are in full flight," in consequence of which the entire Hungarian army fled in the greatest disorder.

But Kossuth's eloquence was like as many bayonets, and he therefore succeeded in transforming the retreat into half a conquest. The invasion of these faithless troops and savage hordes into Austria was a sufficient aggression in itself to warrant the Imperial troops entering Hungary, and seems to us a far more outrageous violation of loyalty on the part of the Kossuth faction, than the alleged transgression of the Emperor of Austria, in calling to his aid a faithful ally to subdue a rebellious province, which threatened to endanger the peace of the empire.

We cannot here avoid making a comment on the ludicrous document ostentatiously called "Declaration Relative to the Separation of Hungary from Austria," according to which "*a lawful sovereign had filled up the measure of his crimes,*" when he called in the assistance of an ally to crush in its birth a rebellion of which the leaders were unprincipled men, who may justly be styled the "vampyres of Hungary." But if that be so, what then were the crimes of the subject who aspired to sovereign power, who invoked the aid of the outcasts of all nations, and the depraved, with which Vienna, like every other great city, abounds.

If the Emperor of Austria was to be excluded from the throne of his forefathers, and *declared to be deposed, degraded, and banished for ever from the Hungarian territory*, because he would not permit that the provinces of Croatia, Transylvania, and the Banat, conquered *by Austria* from the Turks, should be *compelled*, in spite of their reluctance, into closer union with a faction whose tyrannical decrees were indignantly repelled by Croatia—what should have been the fate of the rebel who ruined the finances of his country, paralyzed its industry, and endeavoured to corrupt the army?

If it was unjustifiable in the Austrian Government to avail itself of the law established and recognised as just in all Europe, of visiting with capital punishment the crime of high treason, we would wish to know by what right a self-erected rebellious government executed Count Zichy, whose only crime consisted in being a loyal subject. If, again, it was unjustifiable on the part of the Austrian Government to *threaten with the gallows* those who took up arms against their anointed sovereign, we would also know by virtue of which law the rebel-

lious government of Debreczin issued the following :

“ We also hereby proclaim and make known to all the inhabitants of the United States of *Hungary, Transylvania*, and their *dependencies*, that all authorities, communes, towns, and the civil officers both in the counties and cities are completely *set free*, and released from all the obligations under which they stood by oath or otherwise, to the said House of Habsburg-Lorraine.”

Let us pause. So far this *worthy* article encourages to rebellion all those who feel inclined ; the conclusion, which we are about to subjoin, sounds like a *fierce* and *despotic* threat to all who would *dare* to remain loyal. It says :

“ And that *any* individual *daring to contravene this decree*, and by word or deed in any way to aid or abet any one violating it, *shall be treated and punished* as guilty of *high treason*. And by the publication of this decree, we hereby *bind and oblige all* the inhabitants of these countries to obedience to the government now instituted formally, and endowed with all necessary legal powers.”

Debreczin, April 14th, is the date of this memorable document. How justify it ! How portray the disgust and indignation so much tyranny awakened in the breast of the loyal, over whose head was suspended the rope, unless he perjured himself, like the *Liberator of Hungary*, who, in his *magnanimous* love of liberty, exercised a reign of terror over *eleven* millions of souls !

There was no striking event in November. In December, the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the accession of his nephew became public, which caused Kossuth no slight embarrassment, for he had hitherto made the Hungarian people, who were stanch Royalists, believe that he was fighting against the Emperor Ferdinand in favour of the beloved Prince Francis Joseph ; but not prepared for this unexpected occurrence, his position became critical, having now a doubly difficult game to play ; for although the publication of the Royal proclamations was suppressed by his orders, they yet met the eyes of the people occasionally.

Gorgey's feeble corps was compelled to clear one position after the other ; and all the bulletins proclaiming conquest instead of the real defeats,

which the Hungarian army sustained, could no longer beguile. The people demanded certain news of a battle. Kossuth, anxious to please them, is known to have written a letter to Perozel, in which he says :—"My dear Maurice, only a sign, be it ever so small, of a victory, but the constant retreat of our army damps the courage of the nation."

Gorgey also received a similar letter; and shortly after Kossuth said to a friend, who lamented the constant retreating of the army :

"But do you not see that we invariably beat the Austrians, and then retire?"

"I would rather," replied the friend, "that we were beaten everywhere, and then advanced."

When Kossuth formed a new ministry in December, he divided the Portefeuielles amongst Count Casimir Batthyani, Méssáros, Nyári, Madarás, Pulzsky, and Szemere, with the exception of that of the finances, which he reserved for himself; but this council of ministers did not bear the title of Ministers, and were undecided and intimidated, excepting Kossuth, who still hoped to succeed, since, in the event of Austria creating a new Vendée in Croatia, Hungary was

to be a second Spain, and an annihilating, unequalled war to break out.

On the 22nd of December, Kossuth sent a glowing proclamation to the Hungarian people, which was a masterpiece of his pen, and proved a good bait for a Guerilla war. Thus came the Sylvester-day. The Ban of Croatia had paid the debt of General Roth to Perczel at Ozora, and the Diet, panic-stricken, would not listen to Madarás, who vainly exclaimed, "Courage! Rather let us be buried under the ruins of Pesth, than run away before a shot is even fired." But, on the 31st December, Kossuth's motion to withdraw to a place of safety was accepted, and the Diet retired to Debreczin.

What may have been Kossuth's feelings, when towards the end of 1848, just before the first flight of the Diet to Debreczin, he watched the packed waggons, which were rolling rapidly over the bridge, one after the other, with much anxiety, and paced the right bank of the Danube with an agitated countenance, pushing the people, who pressed round him with disagreeable curiosity, rudely from him. This unpopular act on his part must be attributed to the many strange and angry

glances that were cast upon him, wherefore he could not be quite *à son aise*, for the general feeling in Pesth not being in his favour, more than one of the *bourgeoisie* said, in his hearing, the chilling words, "If he had not the means to carry on a war, he should not have commenced one."

Did Kossuth at that moment possess the noble, undaunted courage of Louis XVI., when, on the 20th of January, 1792, a man of the people was about to run a pike through the unhappy sovereign, and a grenadier advanced, saying, "Sire, do not be afraid." "I afraid!" replied the monarch, "lay your hand here, and say, does my heart beat quicker?" We doubt whether Kossuth could have answered thus on that occasion.

The Junta did not consider itself secure, even in Debreczin, and Nyári, Minister of the Interior, often acknowledged, on his return in June, that the Assemblée Constituante was ready *to cut and run* at a moment's notice, if Count Schlick should approach; nor did they recover breath till after Klapka's siege at Tarczal.

In the meantime, Kossuth transformed Hungary into a vast camp. Dembinski and the Polish propaganda were called in, powder-mills erected,

the best siege guns procured, and spies and emissaries set on foot. The Diet did not trouble Kossuth much; for a certain number of the ablegates obeyed him from habit, others from necessity, because their retreat was cut off by the resolution passed on the 7th of October, so that it soon became a tricolor assemblée, and many resolutions passed by the House were privately clipped to the taste of Kossuth, who followed the method of former times, when private marks on the dispatches to foreign powers signified to the ambassador that the reverse of that which the dispatch contained was to be done.

But the generals had serious differences, some of which proved humiliating to the dignity of a Governor; for instance, on one occasion that Kossuth repaired to Tissa Türed, with the intention of calling Gorgey to account for not having obeyed Dembinski's ludicrous order at the battle of Kápolna, he found the Polish General in arrest, and Kossuth's escort was somewhat maltreated by the military men, who called them "Room-keepers;" nor did he dare call Gorgey to account, or take Dembinski's part. In fact, Kossuth was not liked by the military, because they say

“he only takes, he cannot stand fire.” Another time, Kossuth addressed the militia-bataillon, the *élite* of the Honveds, in Hungarian. But as they happened to be almost all Germans, being a foreign legion, a private advanced out of the ranks, and said, “Please, my lord governor, tell us those pretty things in German—we do not understand Hungarian.”

On the 7th of April, Kossuth issued the celebrated and vehement Manifesto, which was circulated under the name of “Kossuth’s Voice of Godollo,” and evidently written whilst he felt himself excited by the intoxicating delight of his siege, although the style was anything but *chevalresque*. One week later, on the 14th of April, Kossuth brought a report of the events of the war before Parliament, which he ended by saying, that the time was now come for Hungary to shake off the fetters rivetted on the people by the hereditary treaty for 300 centuries.

This address of Kossuth, demanding nothing less than the virtual separation of Hungary from the crown of Austria, was received with loud acclamations by the democrats, and passed the other chambers, to its eternal shame be it re-

corded, without a division; and thus the independence of Hungary was proclaimed as a second edition to the French Revolution in 1848.

One month later, on the 14th of May, a meeting was held in the Protestant church of Debreczin, where the governor and his ministers were to take the oath to the Republic. From an early hour in the morning an immense multitude crowded to the house of God, each wishing to be the first to hear and see an act so memorable, and it was with extreme difficulty that Kossuth and his suite could reach the church.

The governor, surrounded by his ministers, entered amidst deafening cries of "Eljiu," and took his place near the tribune, from which Paul Almàsy, after a few words, spoke the oath, which Kossuth repeated. It ran as follows:—

"I, Louis Kossuth, elected Governor of Hungary by the National Assembly, swear to uphold the independence of the nation in all its consequences, as well as obedience to the laws and resolutions of the National Assembly, so God helps me." Upon this Kossuth held forth a vigorous, but short speech, which he concluded with the words, "Gentlemen, according to the command

of the nation, I call upon you to take the oath, which the notary of the National Assembly will administer to you."

Bartholomäus, Szemere, Count Cassimir Batthyany, Sabbas Bukovics, Bishop Michael Howath, Francis Duschek, all swore to the new-born republic of Hungary, destined to die in its birth.

The 14th of April may have been Kossuth's proudest day, but the 5th of June was beyond doubt his most brilliant. Five months after the return of the Imperial troops into Hungary, the governor returned from Debreczin to Pesth. In Szolnok, Kossuth and his family entered the magnificent waggon, which hitherto had only been placed at the disposition of the Imperial family. He arrived in Pesth at six o'clock in the evening. General Schweidel received him at the station, and the brilliant cortége proceeded to the town. First came a detachment of cavalry, then followed the staff officers of the Hungarian army with a numerous suite. Kossuth drove in a carriage and four belonging to Count George Károlyi, surrounded by an escort of the German legion; with head uncovered, dressed in the plain Honved uniform, he looked proudly around. Beside him sat his wife, who is

known to have said, "Perhaps, Lajos will one day bring me a crown quite unexpectedly." The other occupants of the carriage were his sister and his aid-de-camp. An immense line of carriages followed the cortége, which at last reached Kossuth's house, amidst deafening cheers of "Eljiu," throwing of flowers and wreaths, to say nothing of the tricolor flags that were waved by some few.

It was not good policy on the part of Kossuth that he accepted the illuminations, which the town authorities were compelled to offer, nor prudent that the mob was permitted to break the windows of the loyal citizens, for the pompous feat ended in a plebeian row.

Even at that period already the intervention of Russia was whispered about, and the Ministers sought in vain to appease the general panic. That death-defying courage existed no longer: it had fled with the first intoxicating moment, and Kossuth in despair repaired to Grosswardein to hold a secret conference with Bem. Perfectly well aware that extraordinary means could alone revive the faith and heroism which were disappearing rapidly as the different intrigues of the provincial government were detected, Kossuth

ordered B. Mauksch, the editor of the Pesth paper, to announce in large letters the armed intervention of France ; the announcement ran as follows : “ Authentic—8 o'clock, P.M., France has declared war against Austria.”

On the 9th of July, the Junta fled a second time to Szegedin : a month later, she had ceased to exist. In Szegedin, Kossuth tried his game once more, and surrounded by his ministers, he made a speech, exciting the people to a crusade against the Russians, at the end of which, the Burgomaster is said to have replied : “ We shall all fight to the last man, and give our best heart's blood, since you, my Lord Governor, and the brave Ministers have determined to lead us on in person.” This was a bitter taunt for one who evinced some aversion for cannon-balls, and two hours later Kossuth had gone to Arad, where his sun set. Gorgey, at the head of 20,000 men, expressed his conviction that further resistance was useless.

Gorgey spoke not much, but he became so politely pressing, there was no refusing, and so little did Kossuth trust him, that he sent Gorgey a written order, not to assume the reins of dicta-

torship, till 8 o'clock in the evening, whereas he left Hungary early in the day.

It is also a fact that Kossuth gave his private secretary, Stuller, a document which it took him many hours to translate, and when Stuller, according to the orders he had received, hurried to Kossuth, he found that he had fled from Hungary.

On the 22nd of August, Kossuth and most of those compromised, embarked at Kalafat.

Kossuth, pale as death, stepped on the strand, supported by two Turkish officers, and embarked in a little boat. What must have been his feelings when he passed the Imperial colours waving to and fro from the masts of the Austrian ships!

Kossuth is by no means the handsome man his partizans represent him to be; he is of middle stature, his figure is insignificant, his blue eyes sparkle with intellect, although his features have almost a painful expression; his hair was brown, but, being bald, he now wears a wig of that colour.

Let us lay aside partiality; let us reason neither as an Austrian nor as an Hungarian.

Let us reason impartially, but with justice. What are Kossuth's merits? What has he done for Hungary? Has he proved the benefactor of his country? No; a thousand times, no! Let it be proved how and in what way he benefited unhappy Hungary. Go to Hungary, and cast a glance around to view the consequences of Kossuth's policy, which raised an invincible barrier between the Sclavonian and the Magyar race, that it will take centuries to remove, for where peace and unity formerly existed, now reigns discord.

Proceed to the Banat, and ask the old Rascian who gazes with a tearful eye on his devastated country—ask him whether he has a blessing for Kossuth, who made a desert of that paradise, and his eye will sparkle with indignation and bitter hatred at the mention of his name. Go to Transylvania, and ask the Wallachians how they would receive Kossuth, and they will point to their swords, with the cry, "Death to Kossuth!" Repair to Croatia, pronounce only his name, and the nation will rise as one man to curse the hour in which he was born. Hurry on to the Drau, and the Kulpa, and you will find that the cry of "Szivio-

Jellachich," "Szivio Mother Slava!" is the parole of the borderer.

The fearful hatred of nationality has been awakened in the heart of the Sclavonian, as in that of the Hungarian. Mistrust replaces confidence; and even the quiet German, who has doffed the Hungarian costume, asks himself now whether he does not look ridiculous. Such are the fruits of Magyarization. Whose foot has trodden on Hungary's fertile ground, and blighted it? Kossuth's. Whose machinations and intrigues deluged that country with blood, and made it one vast desert? Kossuth's. Whose name was the watchword for murder, rapine, and plunder? Kossuth's. Whose eloquence excited brother against brother—father against son? Kossuth's. Who carried fire and sword into Hungary? Kossuth.

Facts speak for themselves; therefore let his admirers go to Hungary, and ask the sorrowing widow, the fatherless child, the ruined peasant, the bankrupt tradesman, whether in their hearts still exists sympathy for the author of their misery, who urged them on to slaughter by false pretences. Ask the duped people of Hungary,

who, deluded by falsehood and misrepresentations, and blinded with intoxication, rushed madly on to follow Kossuth's call, to the ruin of Hungary and themselves—ask them whether they do not abhor the author of their misery. Ask the prisoner in his cell, whether he curses not Kossuth every hour of the day. Ask the dishonoured maiden, the wife of the husband slaughtered before her eyes, the daughter of the aged father, whose last cry of agony she will remember to the end of her days—whether they do not, one and all, call down the vengeance of heaven on Kossuth, with a tearless eye and scorched heart, every day of their lives.

Ask the nobility of Hungary, too, whether they sympathize with the man who has brought every misfortune on that dear and beautiful land. Where, then, are the fruits of his patriotism? There are none, because the seed was corrupt. We know of no act during Kossuth's short reign which would entitle him to the gratitude of his country, or the respect and admiration of honest men. We only know that, during his reign, bloodshed, assassination, and plunder were the order of the day—and the ruin of Hungary,

which still bleeds from a thousand wounds—and that he and his party overthrew the constitution granted by the monarch to the Austrian Empire, and plunged Hungary into the horrors and crimes of a civil war, by a policy as despicable as it was desperate, and fictions as base as they were gross.

Of Kossuth it may be said, that he was a good actor, clever and ambitious, but a reckless gambler, who sacrificed the welfare of a nation without a scruple of conscience, and a shortsighted diplomatist, to have overlooked Russia on the map of Europe.

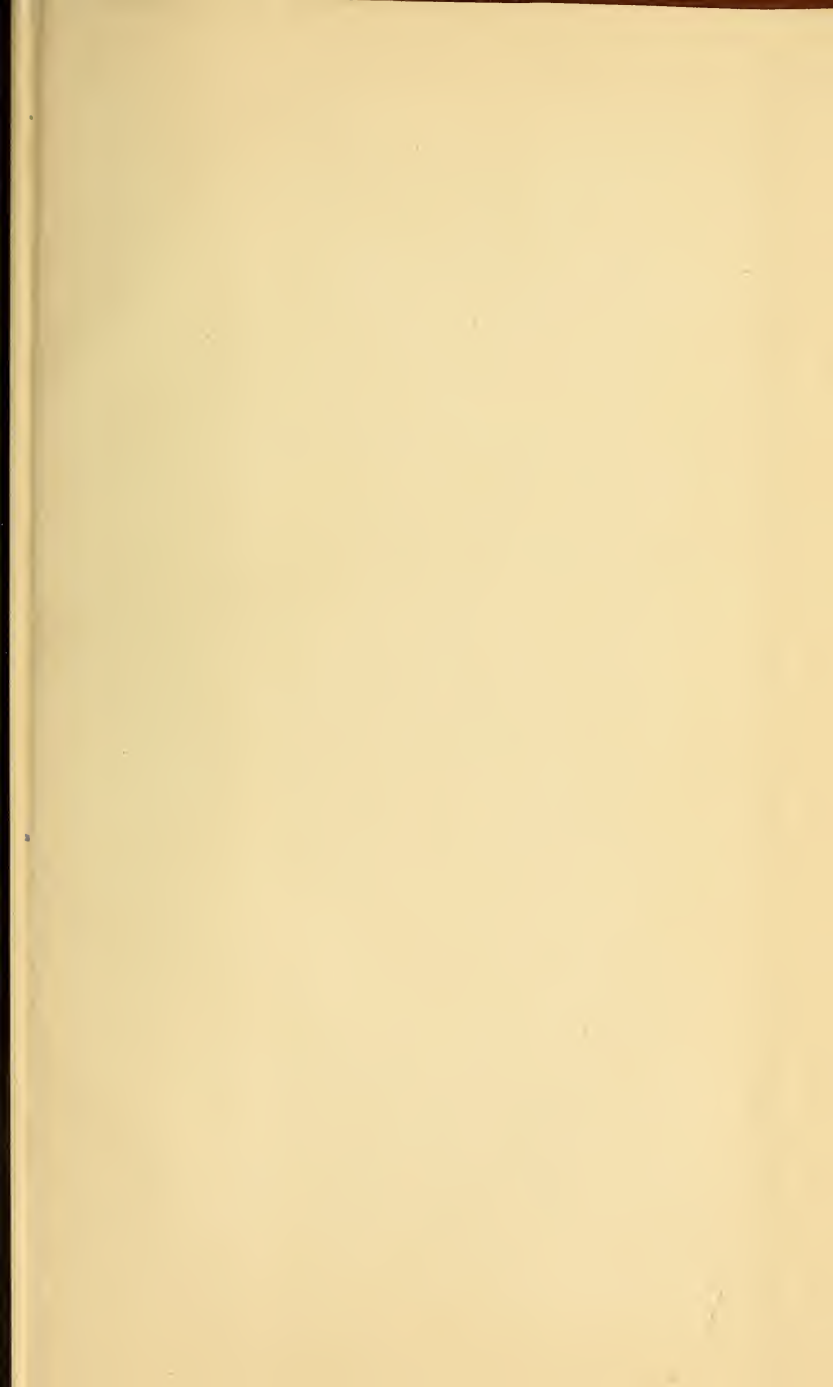
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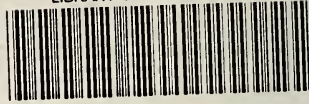




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